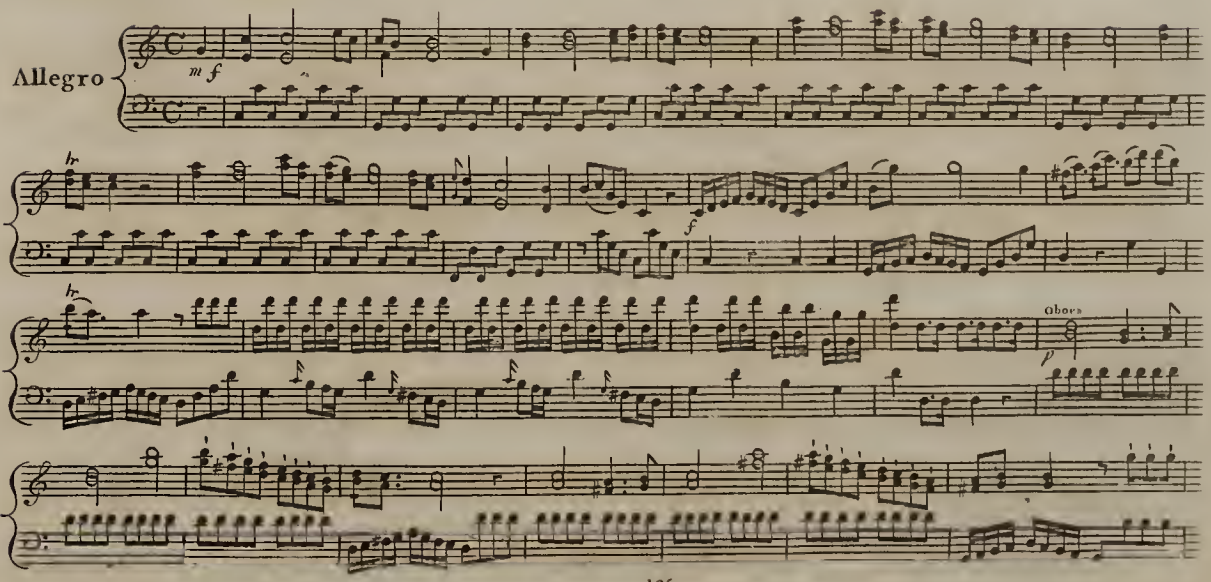
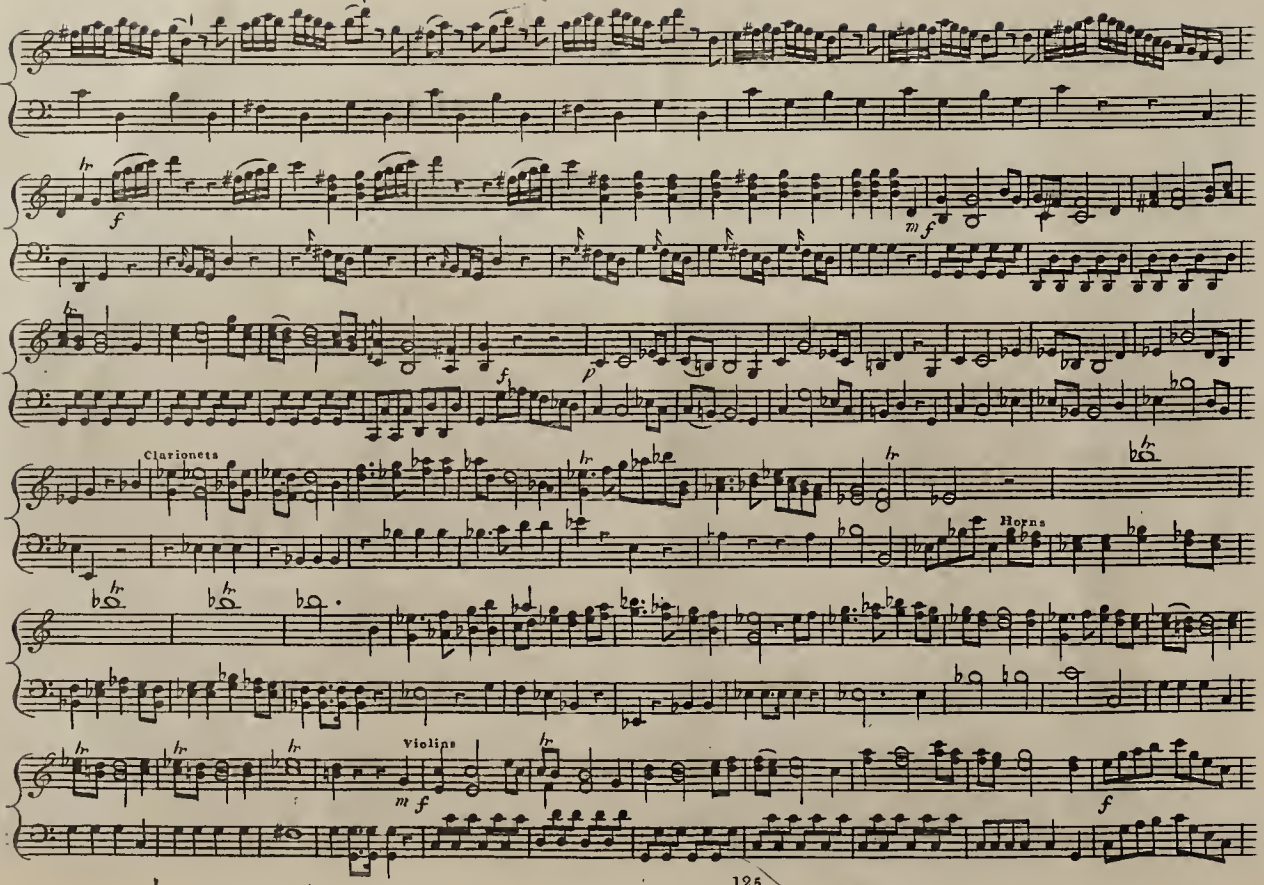
ROSINA,
A
COMIC OPERA,
as PERFORMED at
THE
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden;
Composed and Selected
BY
WILLIAM SHIELD.
Price 8s
London: Printed for Wm. Napier, Music seller to their MAJESTIES N.o 474, Strand.

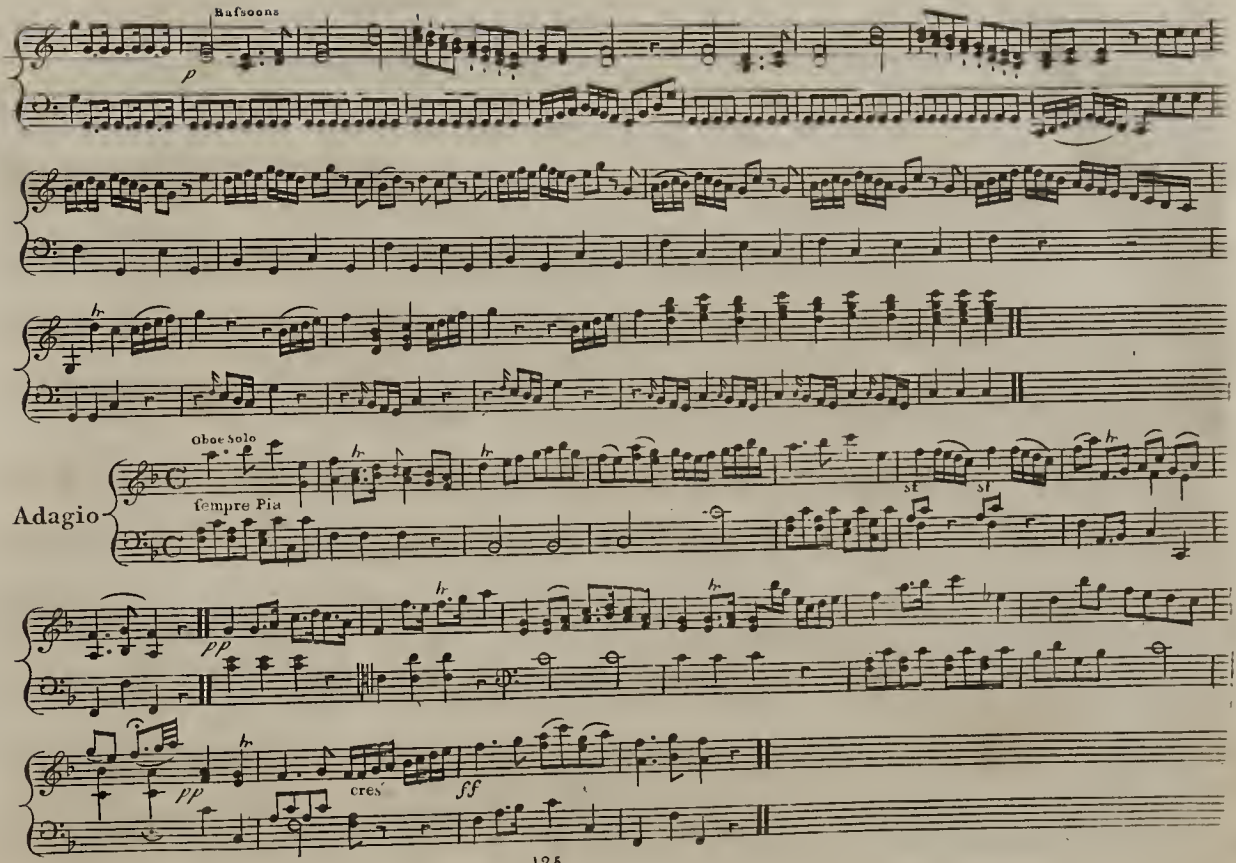
OVERTURE to ROSINA

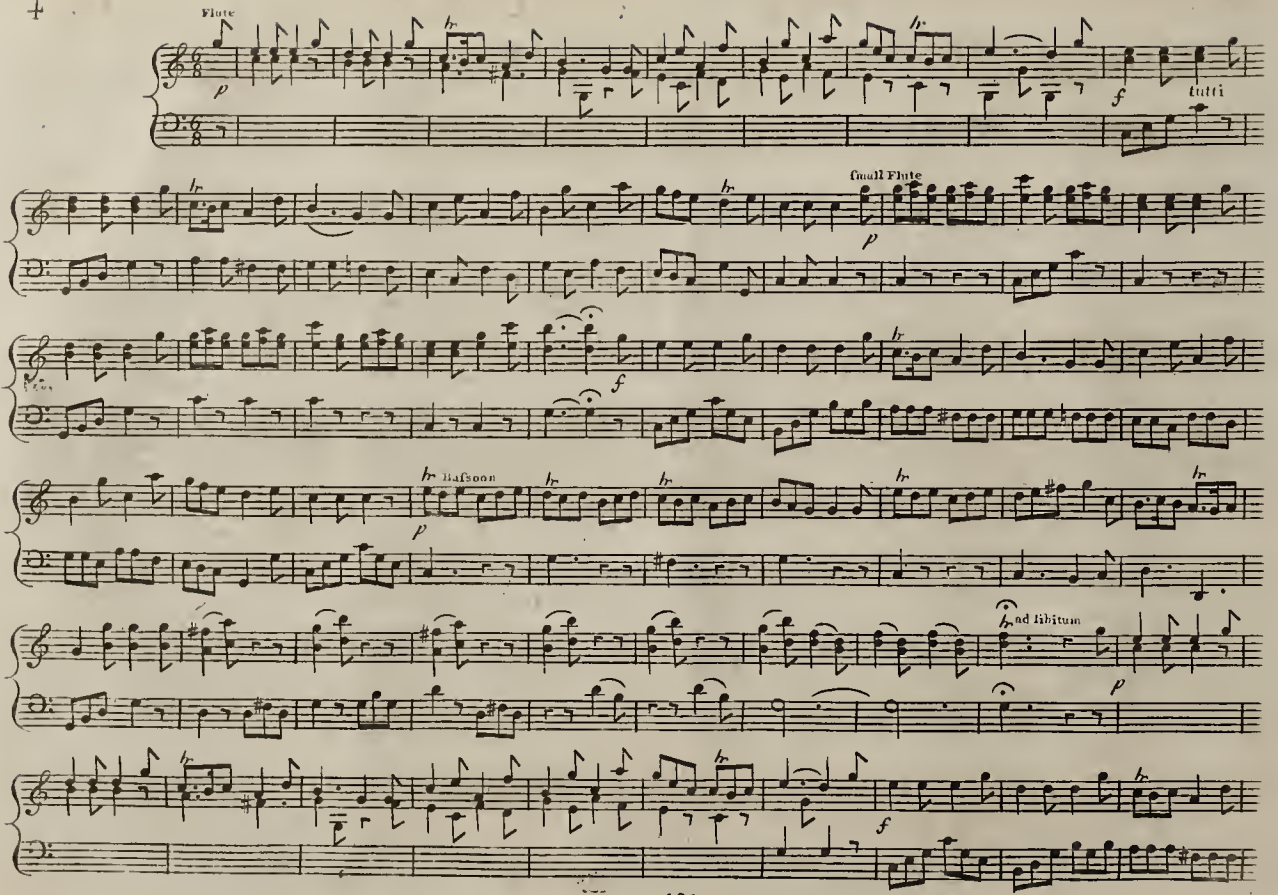
Adapted as a Lesson for the

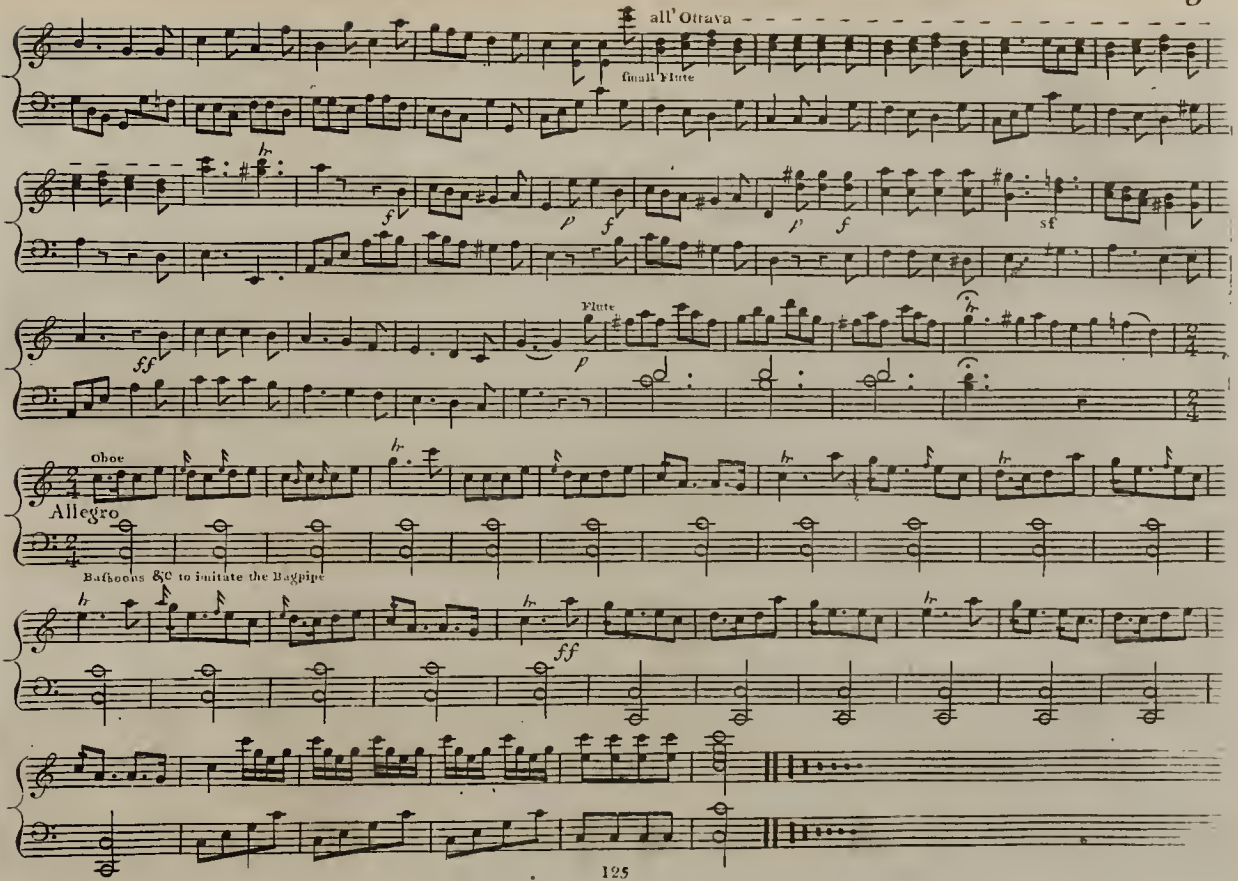
HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE



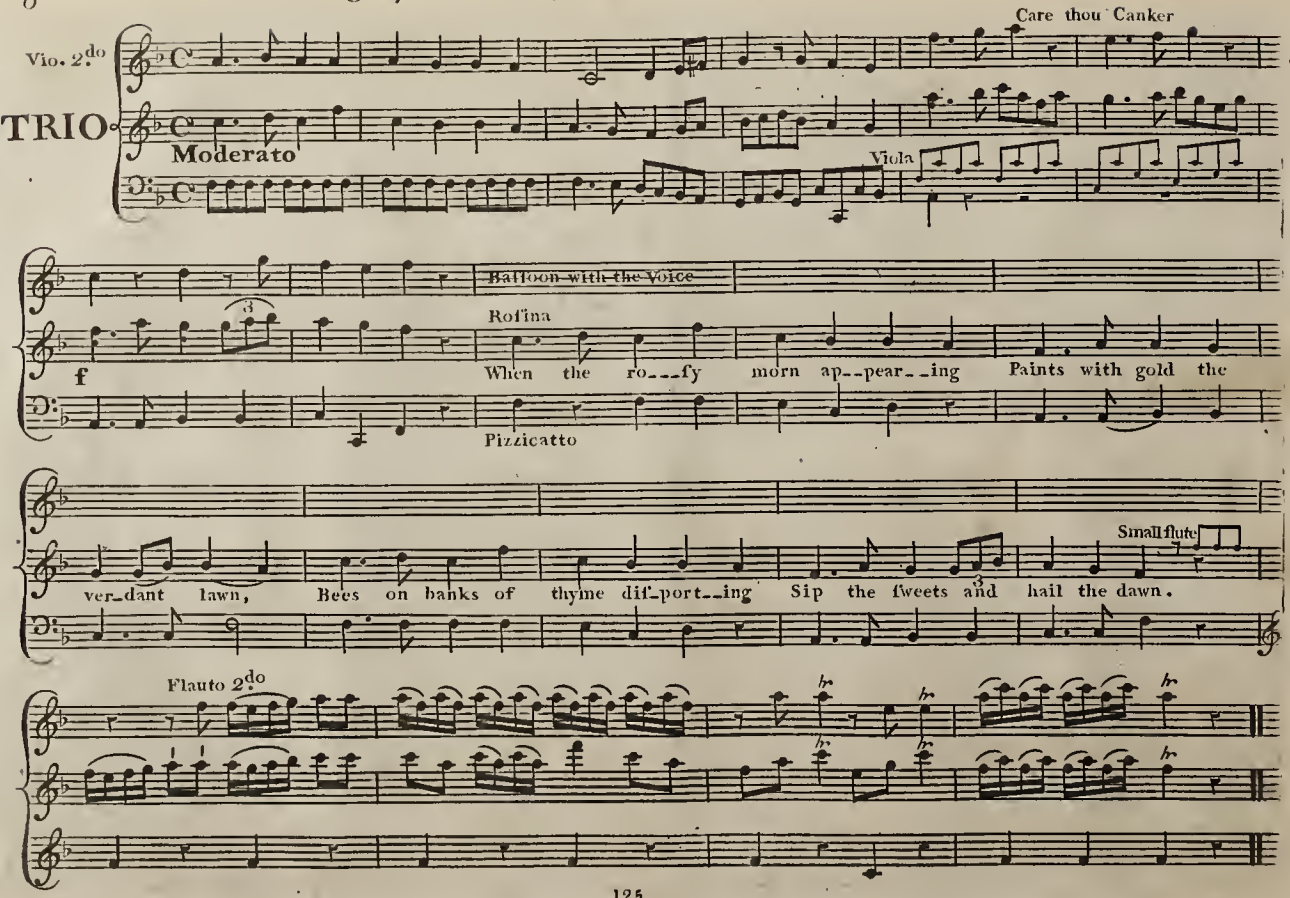

Clarionets
Horns
Violins

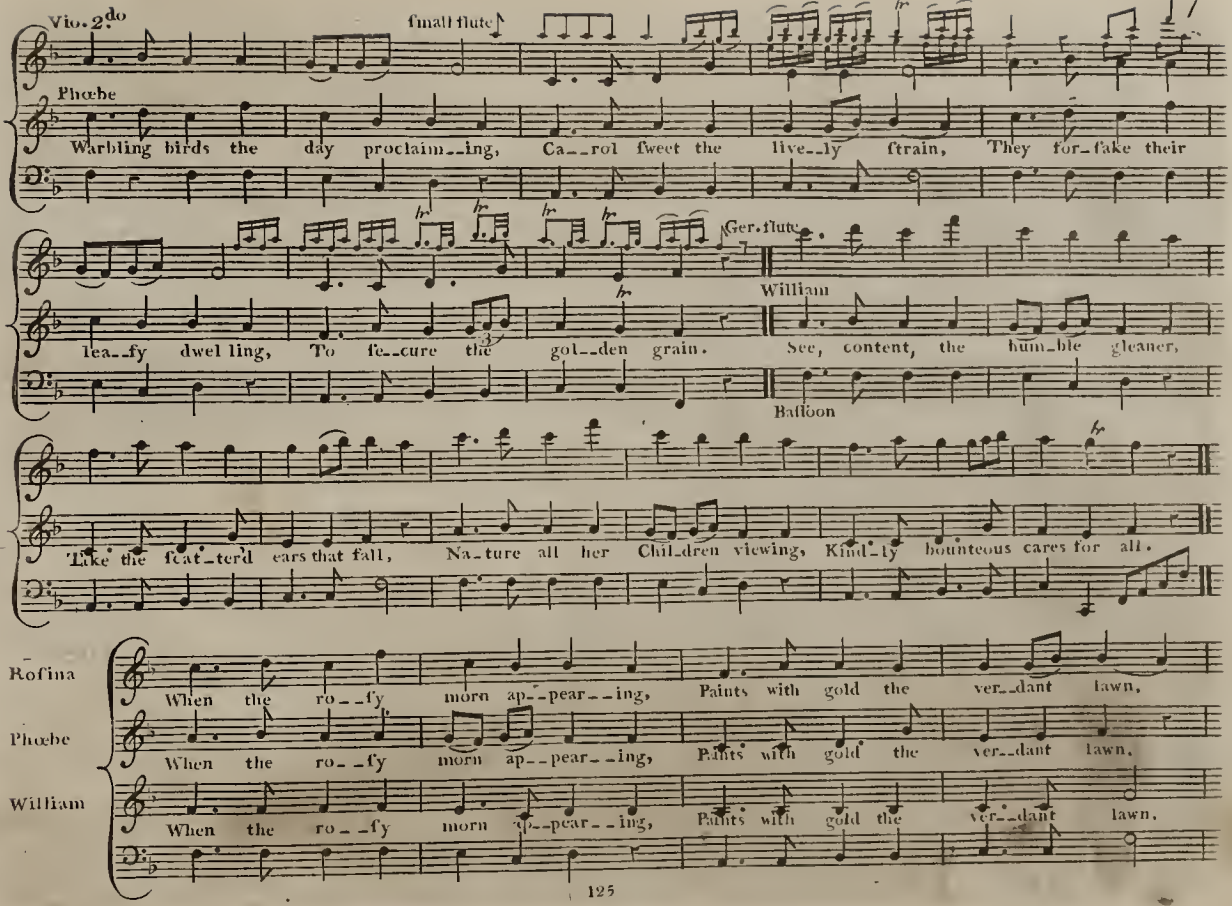

Bafsoons
p
Oboe Solo
Adagio
fempre Pia
pp
pp
cres
ff

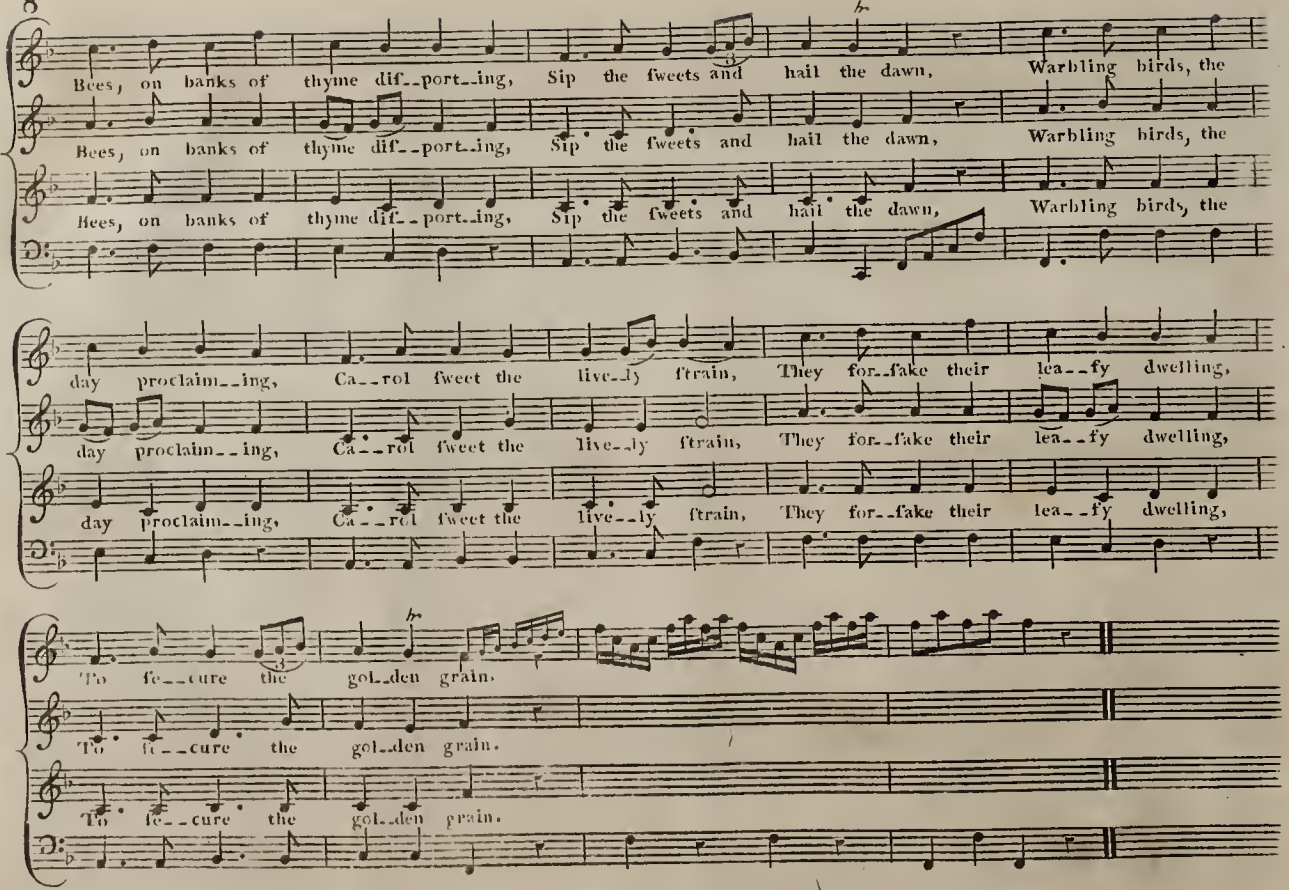

Flute
tutti
small Flute
Bassoon
ad libitum

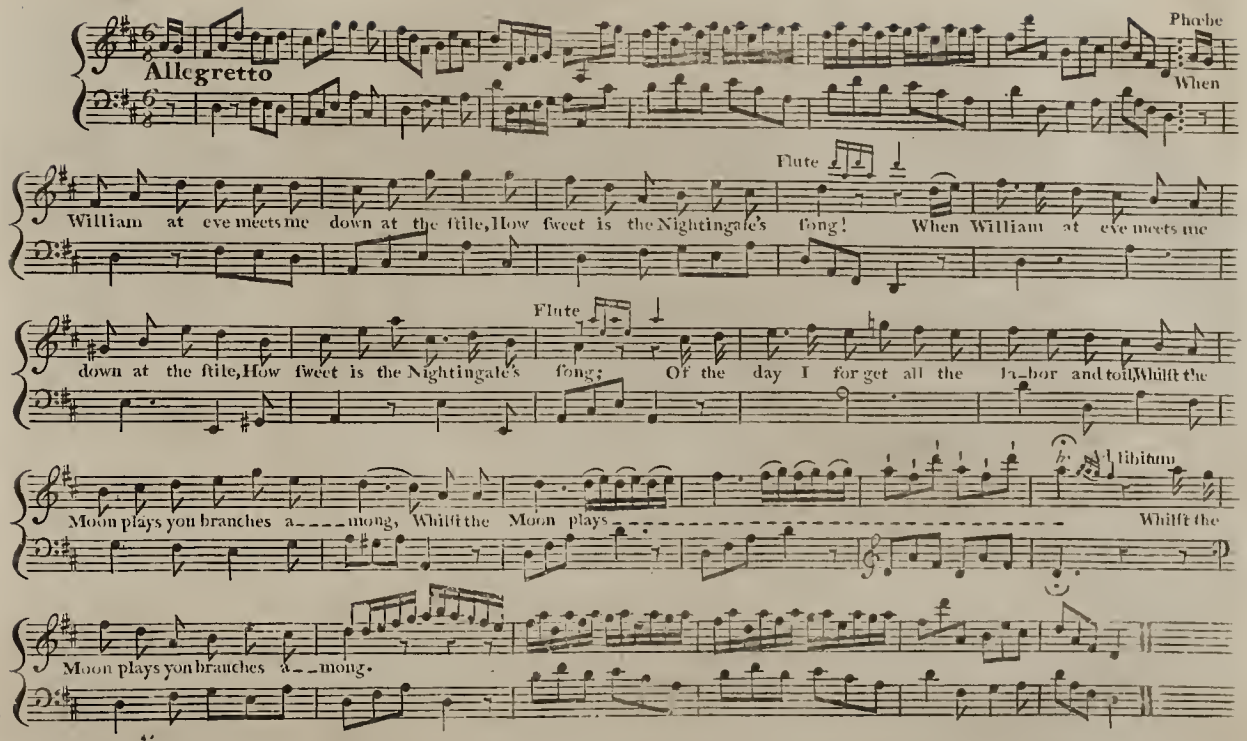

all' Ottava
small Flute
Flute
Oboe
Allegro
Bathoons &C to imitate the Bagpipe

Sung by Mifs Harper M.rs Martyr and M.rs Kennedy.




Vio. 2do
small flute
Phœbe
Warbling birds the day proclaim_ing, Ca_rol fweet the live_ly ſtrain, They for_ſake their
Ger. flute
William
lea_fy dwel ling, To ſe_cure the gol_den grain. See, content, the hum_ble gleaner,
Baſſoon
Like the ſcat_ter'd ears that fall, Na_ture all her Chil_dren viewing, Kind_ly bounteous cares for all.
Roſina
Phœbe
William
When the ro__fy morn ap_pear_ing, Paints with gold the ver_dant lawn,
When the ro_fy morn ap_pear_ing, Paints with gold the ver_dant lawn,
When the ro_fy morn ap_pear_ing, Paints with gold the ver_dant lawn,


8
Bees, on banks of thyme dif--port--ing, Sip the fweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the
Bees, on banks of thyme dif--port--ing, Sip the fweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the
Bees, on banks of thyme dif--port--ing, Sip the fweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the
day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol fweet the live--ly ftrain, They for--fake their lea--fy dwelling,
day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol fweet the live--ly ftrain, They for--fake their lea--fy dwelling,
day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol fweet the live--ly ftrain, They for--fake their lea--fy dwelling,
To fe--cure the gol--den grain.
To fe--cure the gol--den grain.
To fe--cure the gol--den grain.


Allegretto
Phœbe
When
Flute
William at eve meets me down at the ſtile, How ſweet is the Nightingale's ſong! When William at eve meets me
Flute
down at the ſtile, How ſweet is the Nightingale's ſong; Of the day I for get all the la-bor and toil, Whilſt the
Ad libitum
Moon plays yon branches a---mong, Whilſt the Moon plays
Whilſt the
Moon plays yon branches a--mong.

2.

By her beams, without bluſhing, I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his ſong,
You know not how ſweet 'tis to love the dear ſwain,
Whilſt the Moon plays yon branches among.

Publiſhed by Permiſſion of
Mr. Paxton

Sung by Miſs Harper

Paxton

Plaintive

Roſina

The morn returns in ſaf=fron dreſt, But not to ſad Ro -

Flute

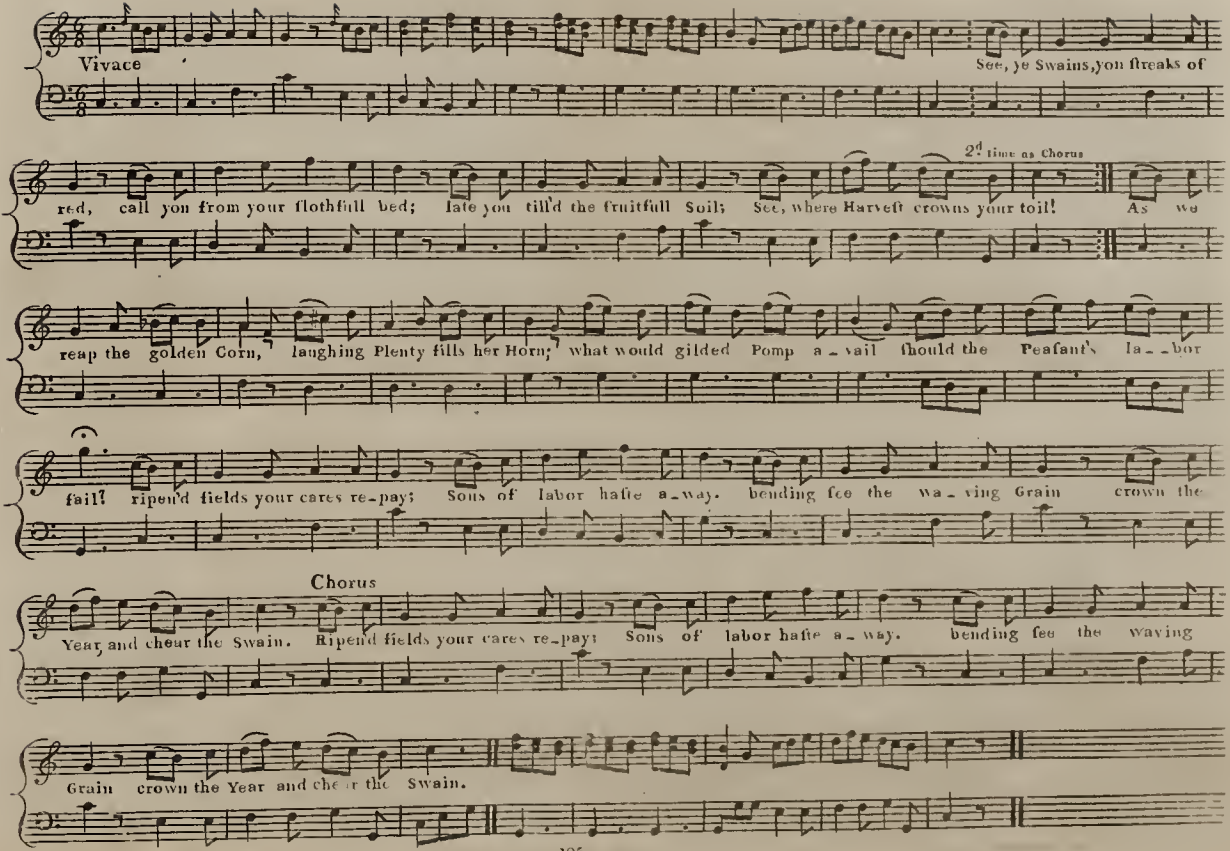
- ſi - na reſt. The bluſhing morn a wakes the ſtrain A wakes the tune full choir, The bluſhing morn a wakes the ſtrain A

sfor. sfor.

wakes the tune full choir, But ſad Ro - ſi - na ne'er a gain ſhall ſtrike the ex=ul=ting Lyre.

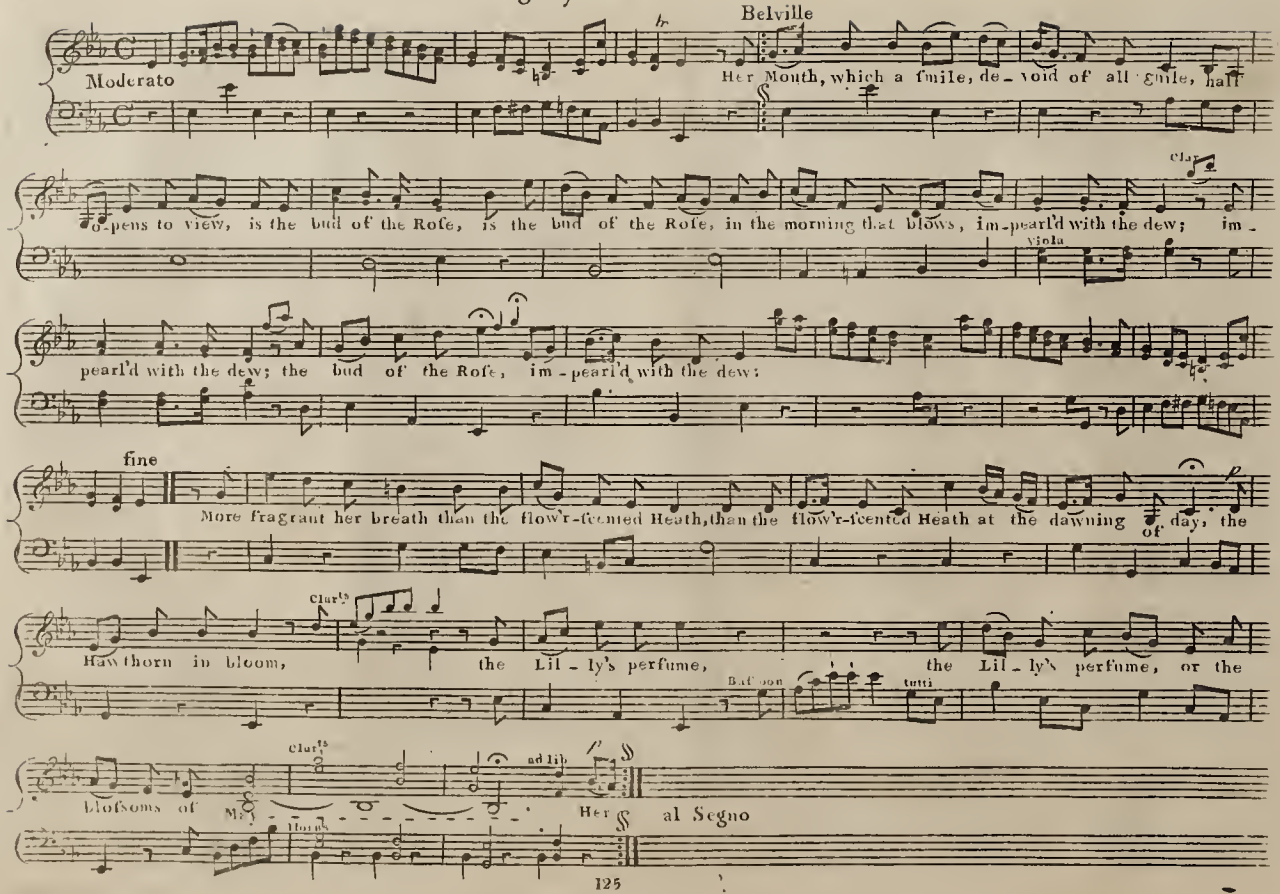
sfor. sfor.

NB. The above Air may be ſung as a Glee for 3 Voices


Vivace
See, ye Swains, yon ſtreaks of
2d time as Chorus
red, call you from your ſlothfull bed; late you till'd the fruitfull Soil; See, where Harveſt crowns your toil! As we
reap the golden Corn, laughing Plenty fills her Horn; what would gilded Pomp a-vail ſhould the Peaſant's la--bor
fail! ripen'd fields your cares re-pay; Sons of labor haſte a-way. bending ſee the wa-ving Grain crown the
Chorus
Year, and cheer the Swain. Ripend fields your cares re-pay; Sons of labor haſte a-way. bending ſee the waving
Grain crown the Year and cheer the Swain.

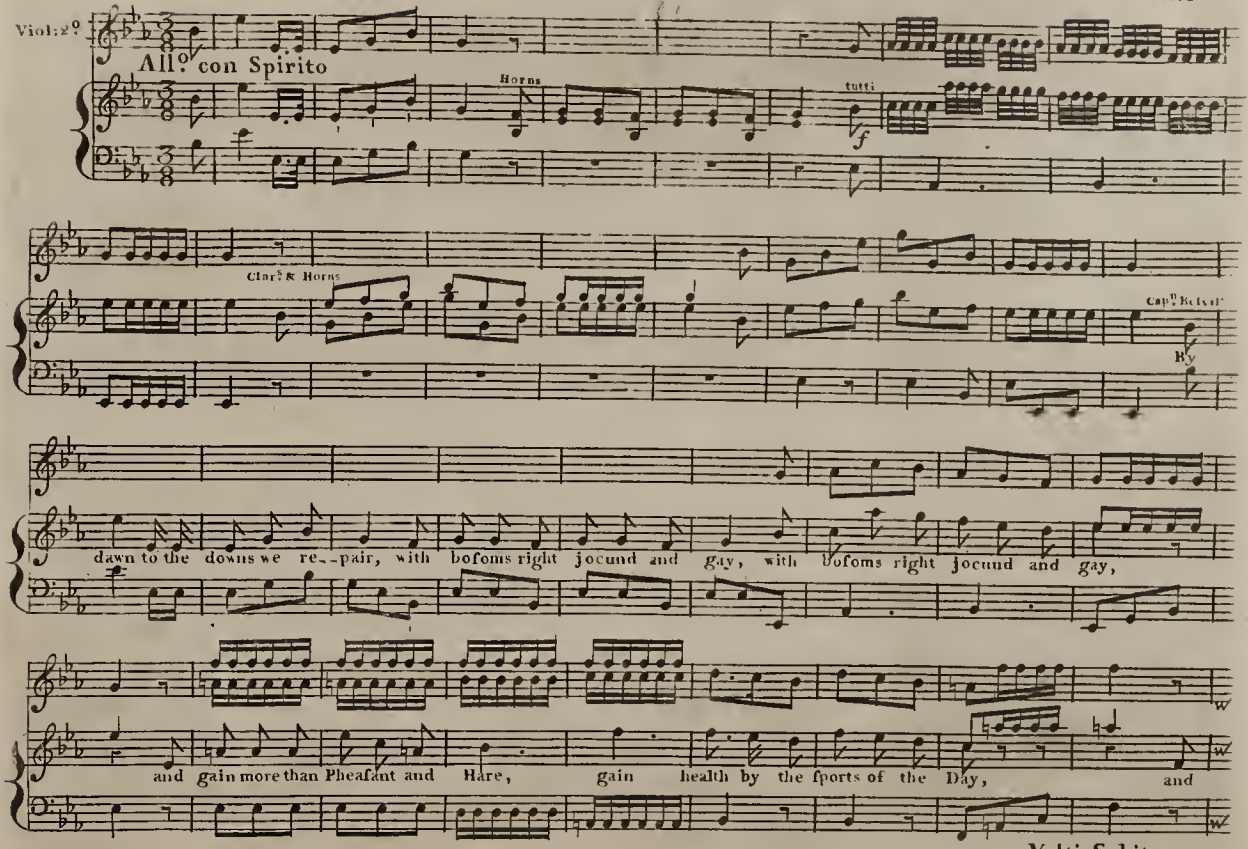
Sung by Mr. Banister

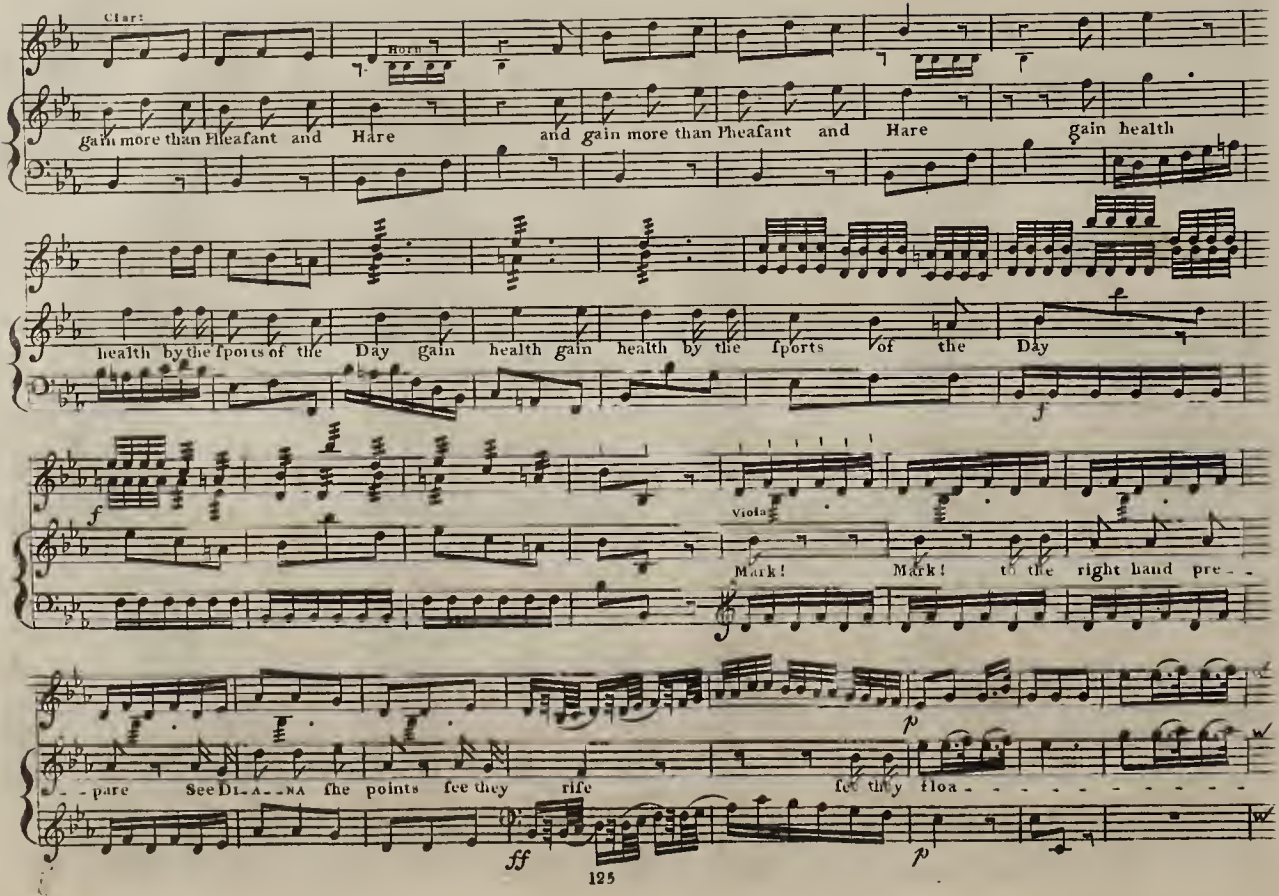
Shield

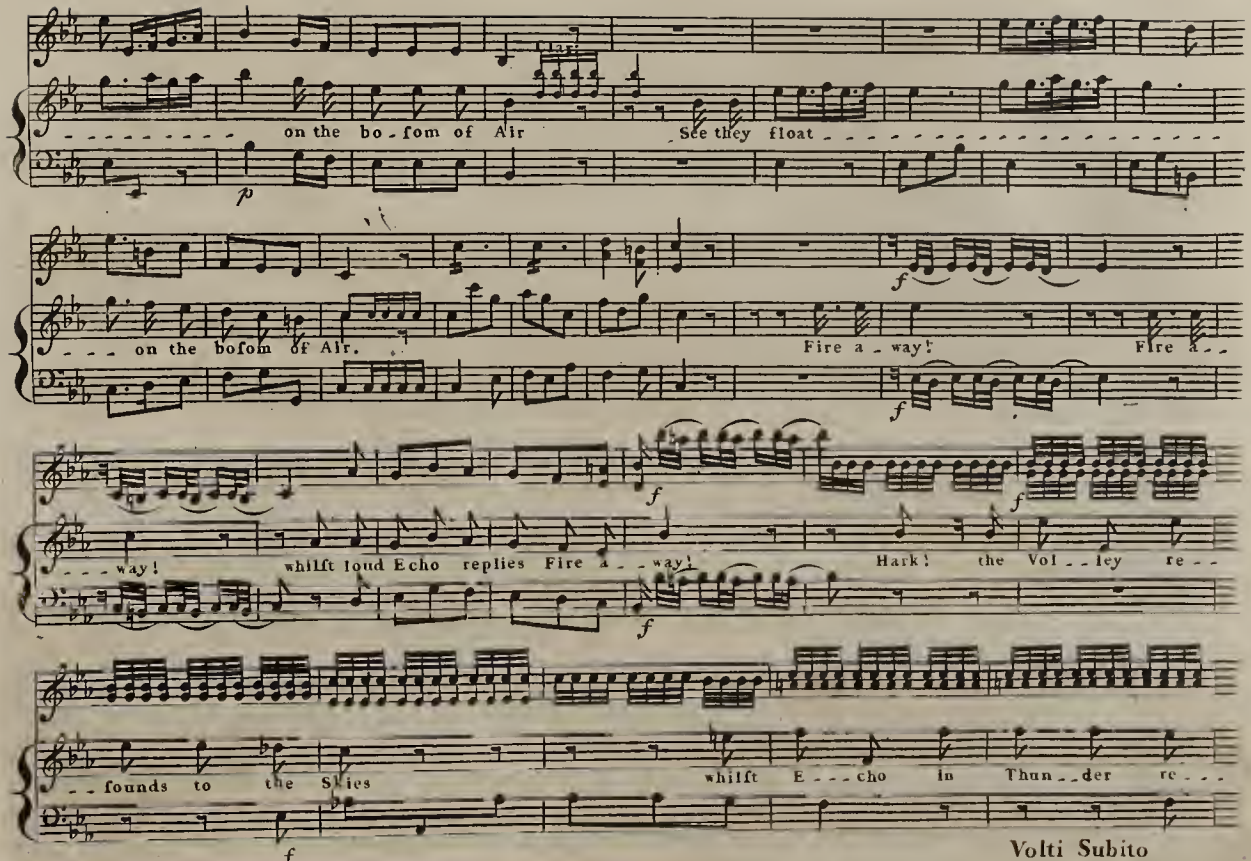

Belville
Moderato
Her Mouth, which a smile, de - void of all guile, half
o-pens to view, is the bud of the Rose, is the bud of the Rose, in the morning that blows, im-pearl'd with the dew; im -
Clar.
Viola
pearl'd with the dew; the bud of the Rose, im - pearl'd with the dew:
fine
More fragrant her breath than the flow'r-scented Heath, than the flow'r-scented Heath at the dawning of day, the
Clar.ts
Haw thorn in bloom, the Lil - ly's perfume, the Lil - ly's perfume, or the
Bassoon
tutti
Clar.ts
ad lib
blossoms of May
Horns
Her
al Segno

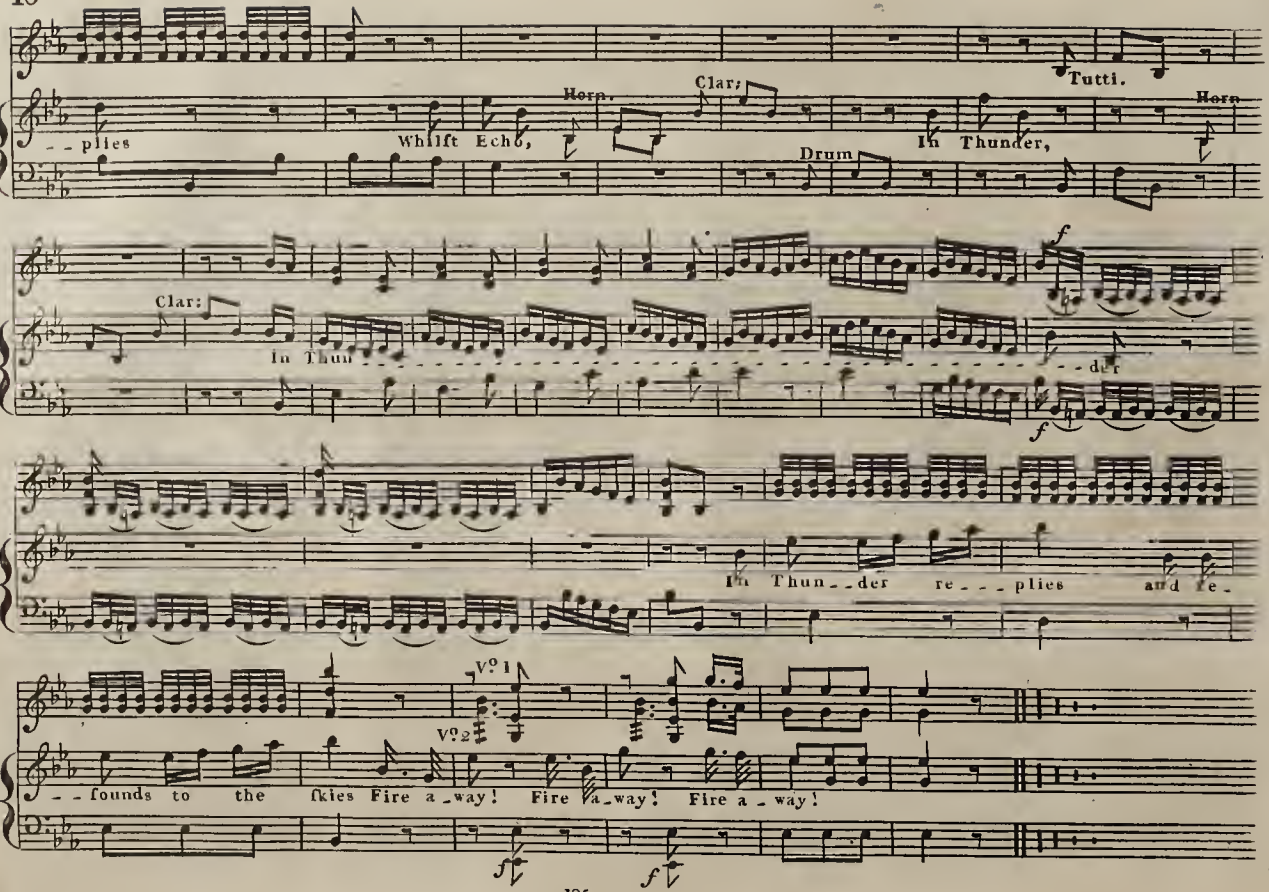
Shooting Song

Sung by Mr. Brett

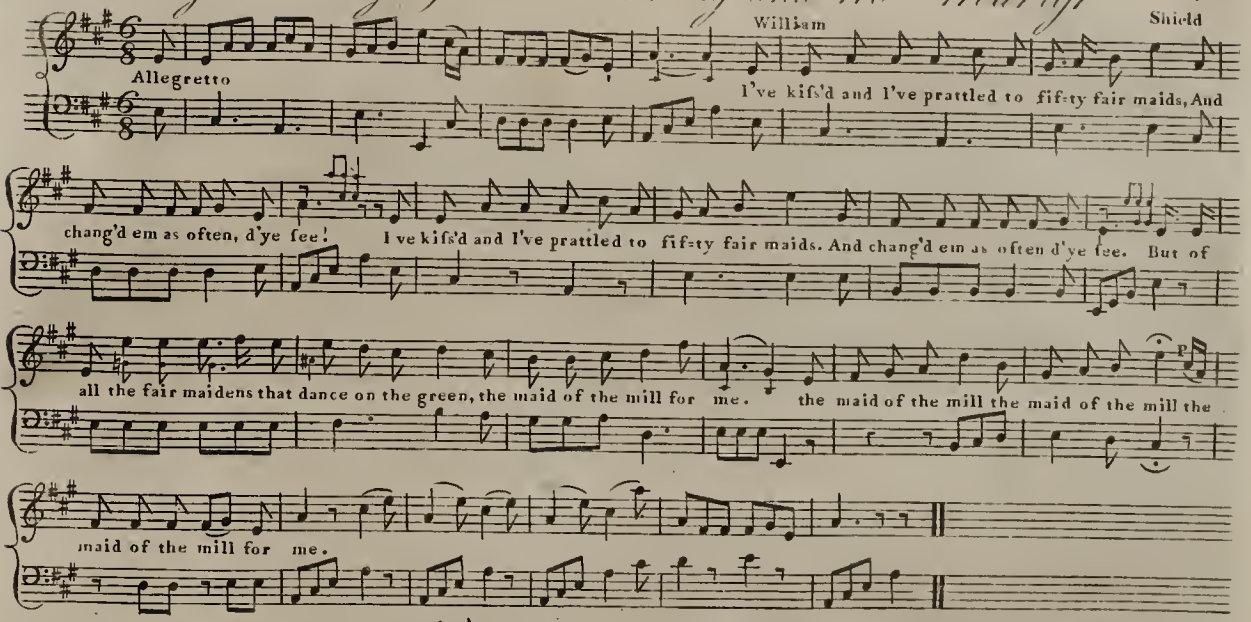

Viol:2°
All.° con Spirito
Horns
tutti
f
Clar.ts & Horns
Capt. Bertie
By
dawn to the downs we re--pair, with bofoms right jocund and gay, with bofoms right jocund and gay,
and gain more than Pheafant and Hare, gain health by the fports of the Day, and
Volti Subito


Clar:
Horn
gain more than Pheafant and Hare and gain more than Pheafant and Hare gain health
health by the ſports of the Day gain health gain health by the ſports of the Day
Viola
Mark! Mark! to the right hand pre - -
- - pare See Di - a - na ſhe points ſee they rife ſee they floa - - - - - - - - - -
125


on the bo - fom of Air
See they float
p
on the bofom of Air.
Fire a - way!
Fire a -
f
- way!
whilft loud Echo replies Fire a - - way!
Hark! the Vol - - ley re - -
- - founds to the Skies
whilft E - - - cho in Thun - - der re - - -
Volti Subito


Tutti.
Horn.
Clar;
Horn
plies
Whilft Echo,
Drum
In Thunder,
Clar:
In Thun
der
In Thun der re plies and re
Vo 1
Vo 2
founds to the fkies Fire a way! Fire a way! Fire a way!
f
f
f
f

Dialogue Sung by Mrs Kennedy and Mrs Martyr


Allegretto
William
Shield
I've kiſs'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids, And
chang'd em as often, d'ye ſee!
I've kiſs'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids. And chang'd em as often d'ye ſee. But of
all the fair maidens that dance on the green, the maid of the mill for me. the maid of the mill the maid of the mill the
maid of the mill for me.

Phœbe 2

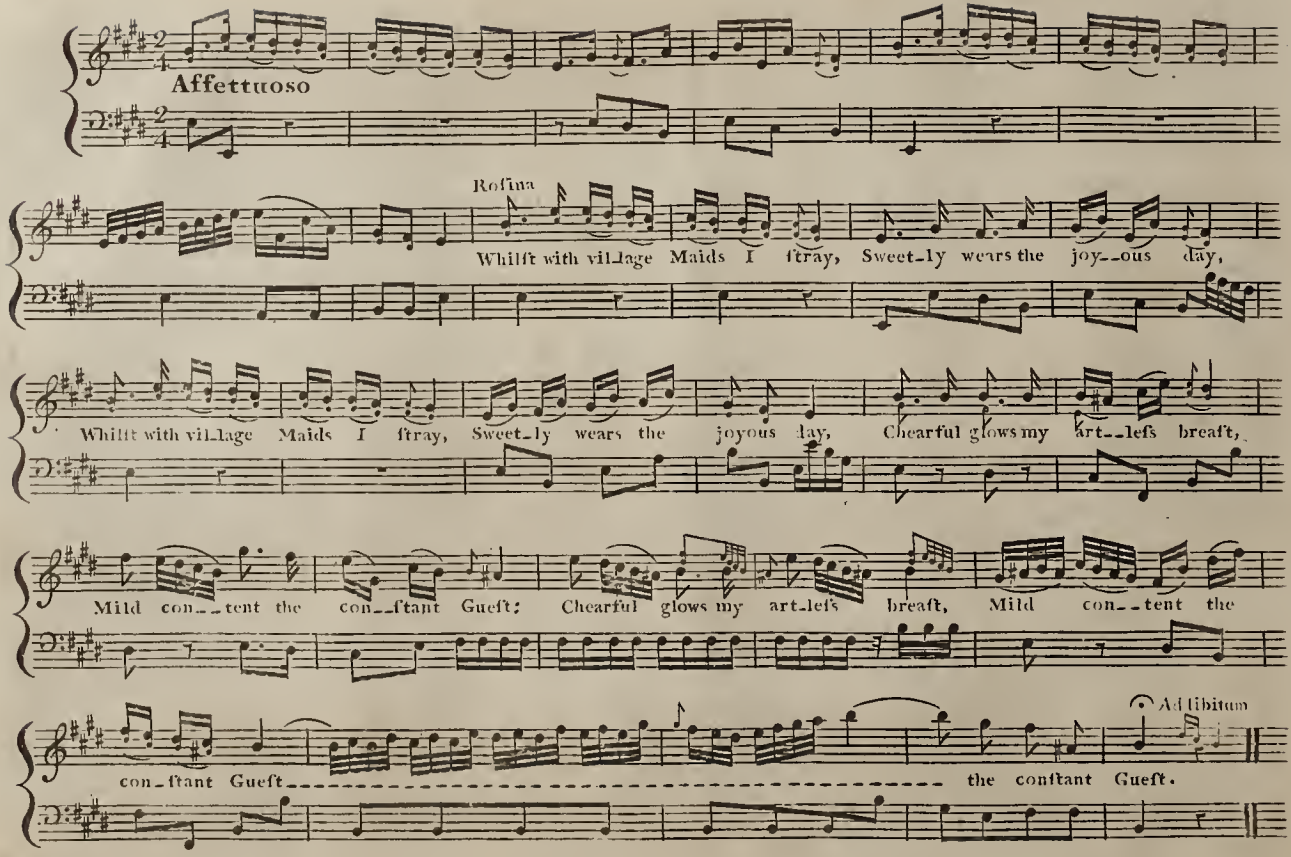
Twice (There fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And called me the faireſt ſhe;
Twice (But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harrys the Lad for me.

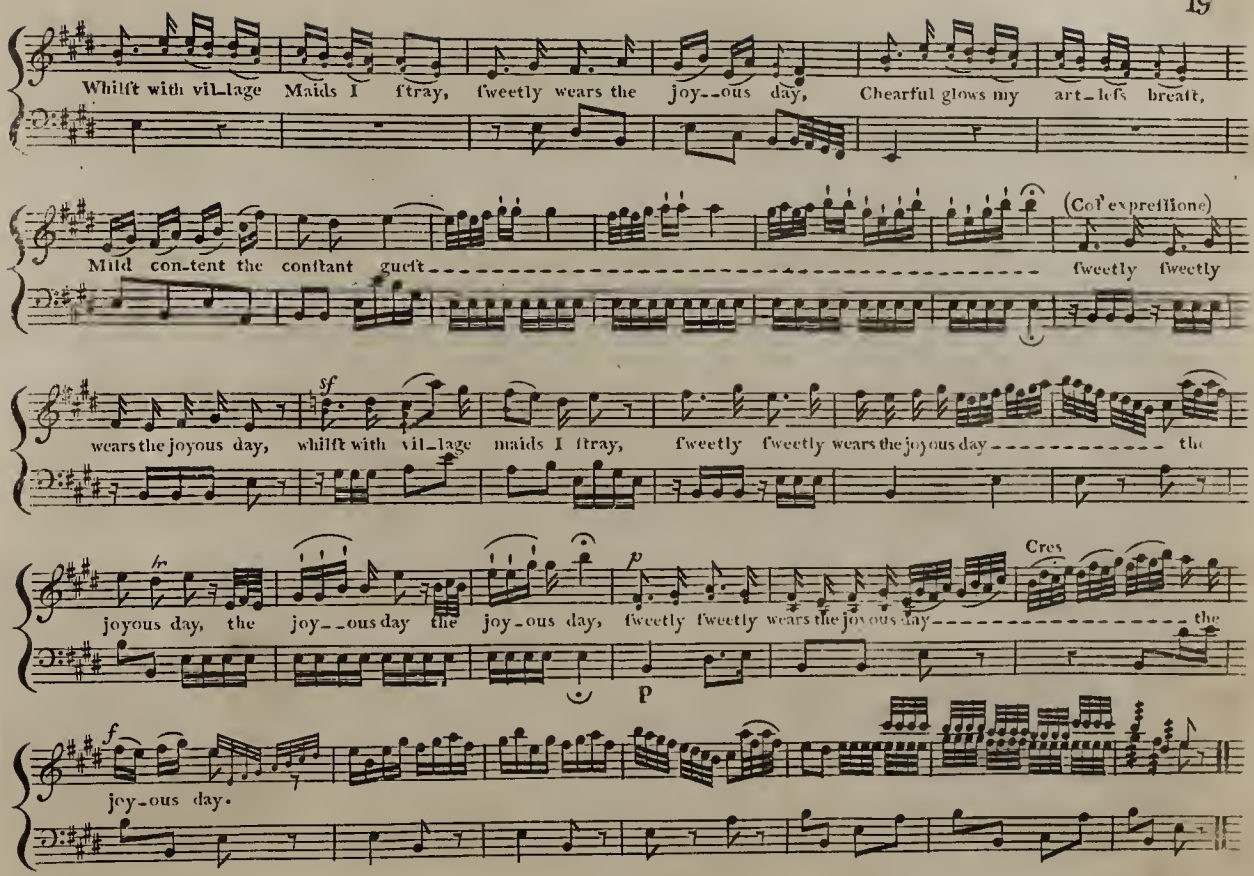
William 3

Her Eyes are as black as the ſlow in the Hedge,
Twice Her face like the bloſſoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new ſhorn flock.
Her breath like the new made Hay.

4

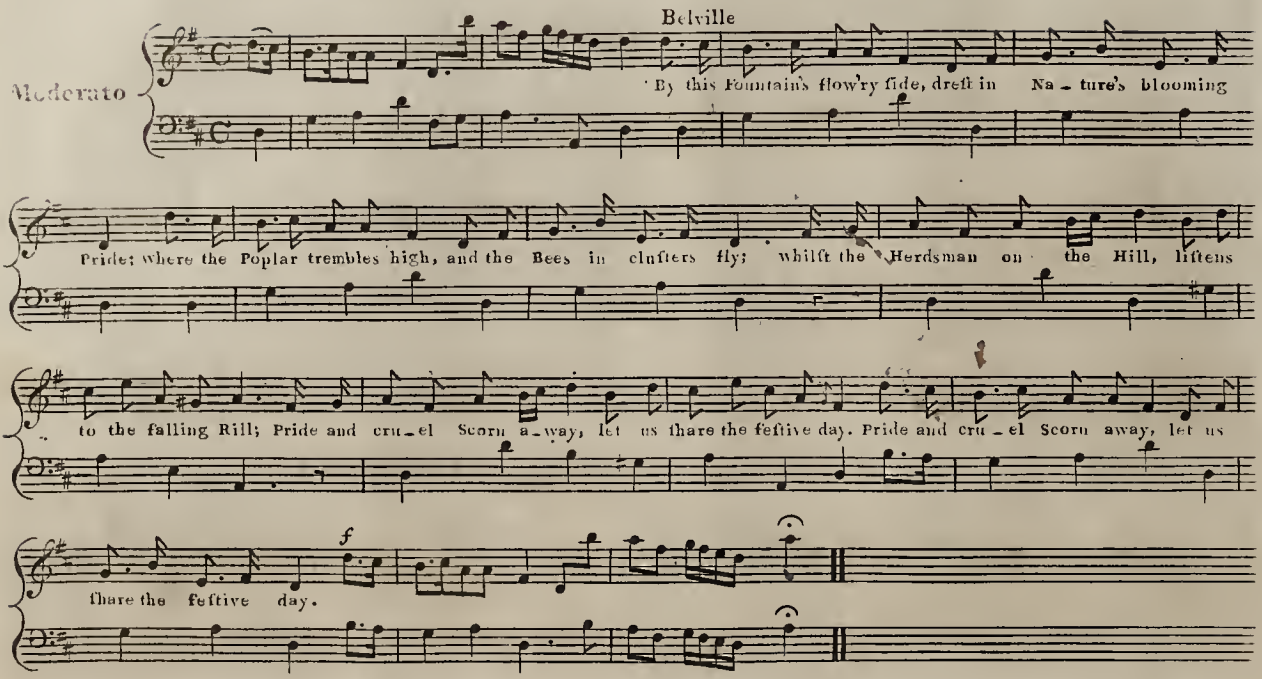
He's tall and he's ſtrait as the poplar tree.
His cheeks are as freſh as a roſe;
Twice He looks like a ſquire of high degree
When dreſt in his Sunday cloaths.

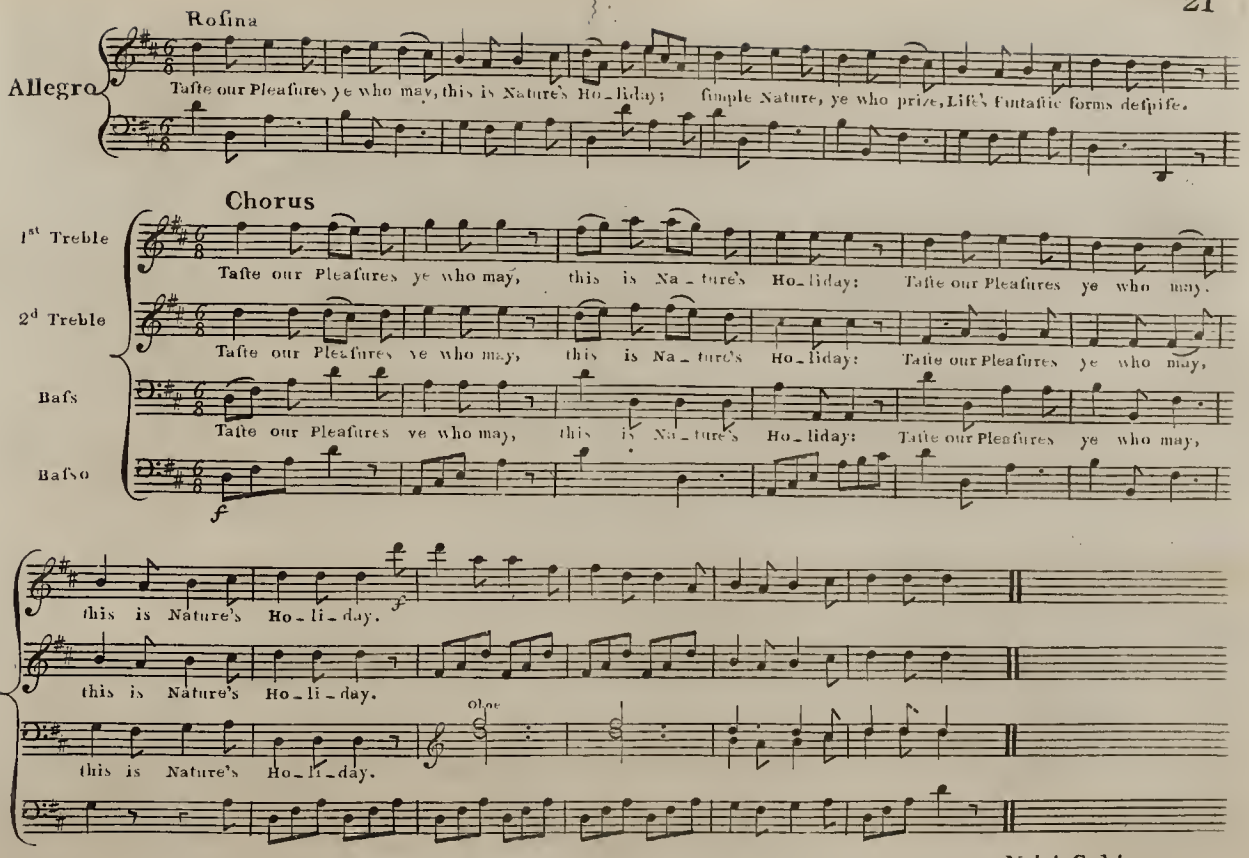

Affettuoso
Rofina
Whilſt with village Maids I ſtray, Sweet-ly wears the joy--ous day,
Whilſt with village Maids I ſtray, Sweet-ly wears the joyous day, Chearful glows my art--leſs breaſt,
Mild con--tent the con--ſtant Gueſt: Chearful glows my art-leſs breaſt, Mild con--tent the
Ad libitum
con-ſtant Gueſt the conſtant Gueſt.

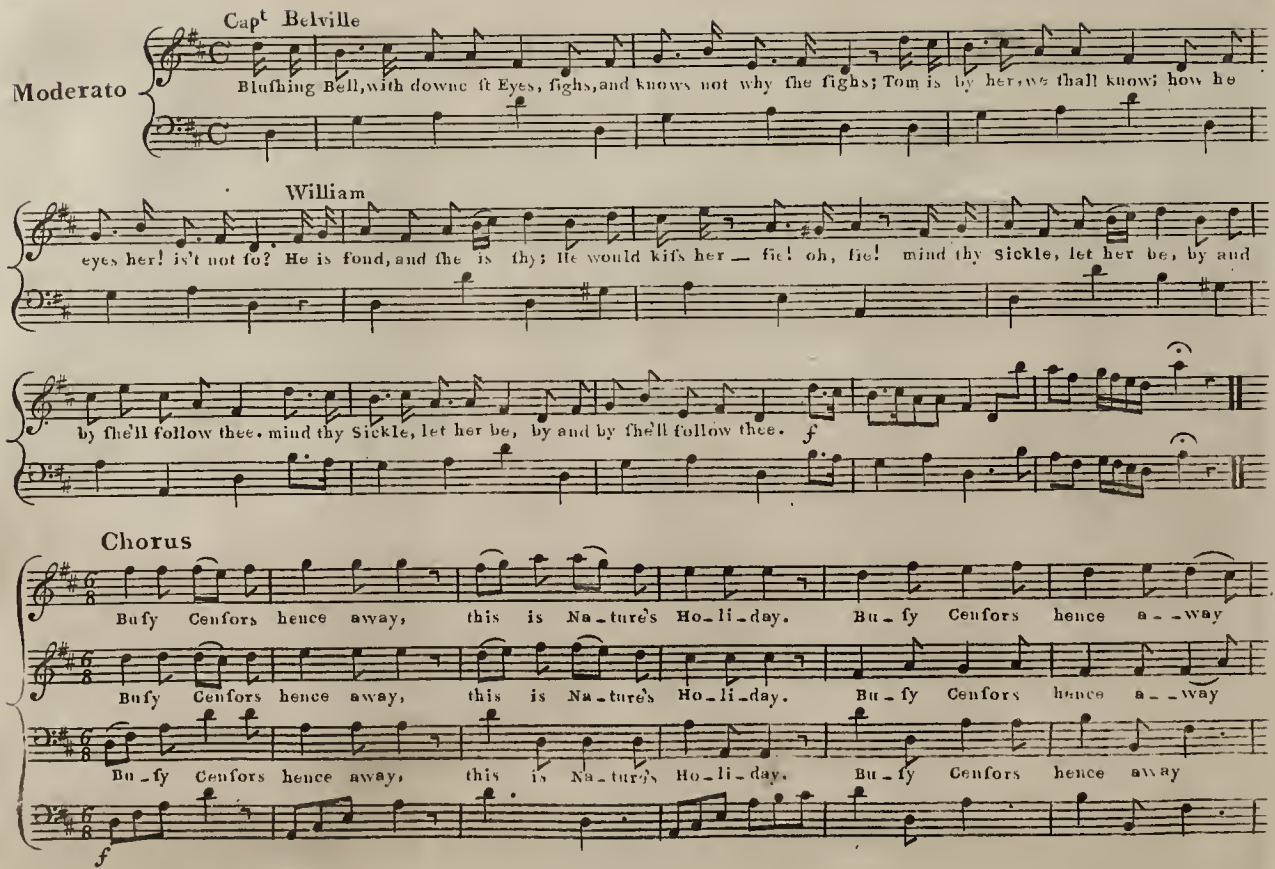

Whilſt with vil-lage Maids I ſtray, ſweetly wears the joy--ous day, Chearful glows my art-leſs breaſt,
(Col' expreſſione)
Mild con-tent the conſtant gueſt
ſweetly ſweetly
sf
wears the joyous day, whilſt with vil-lage maids I ſtray, ſweetly ſweetly wears the joyous day
the
fz
joyous day, the joy--ous day the joy-ous day, ſweetly ſweetly wears the joyous day
Cres
the
p
f
joy-ous day.

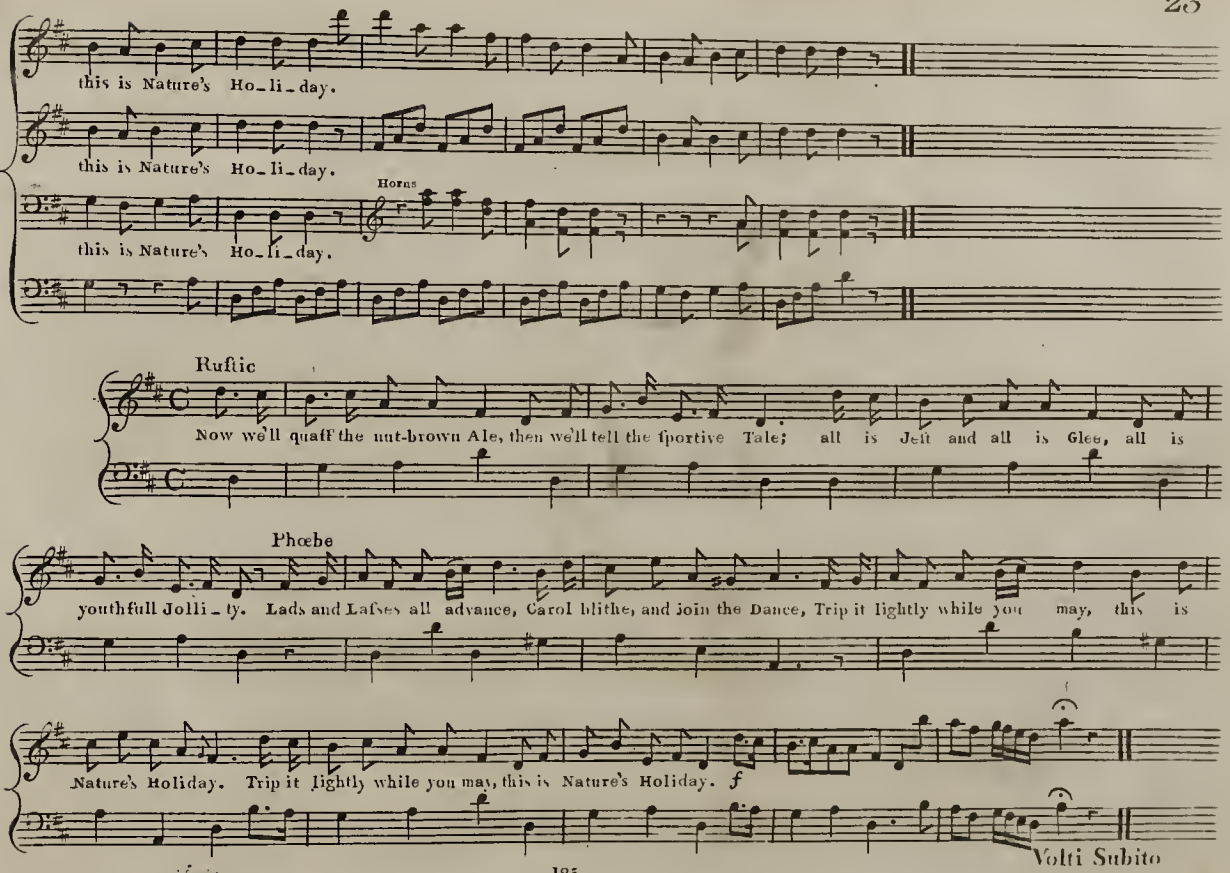
FINALE

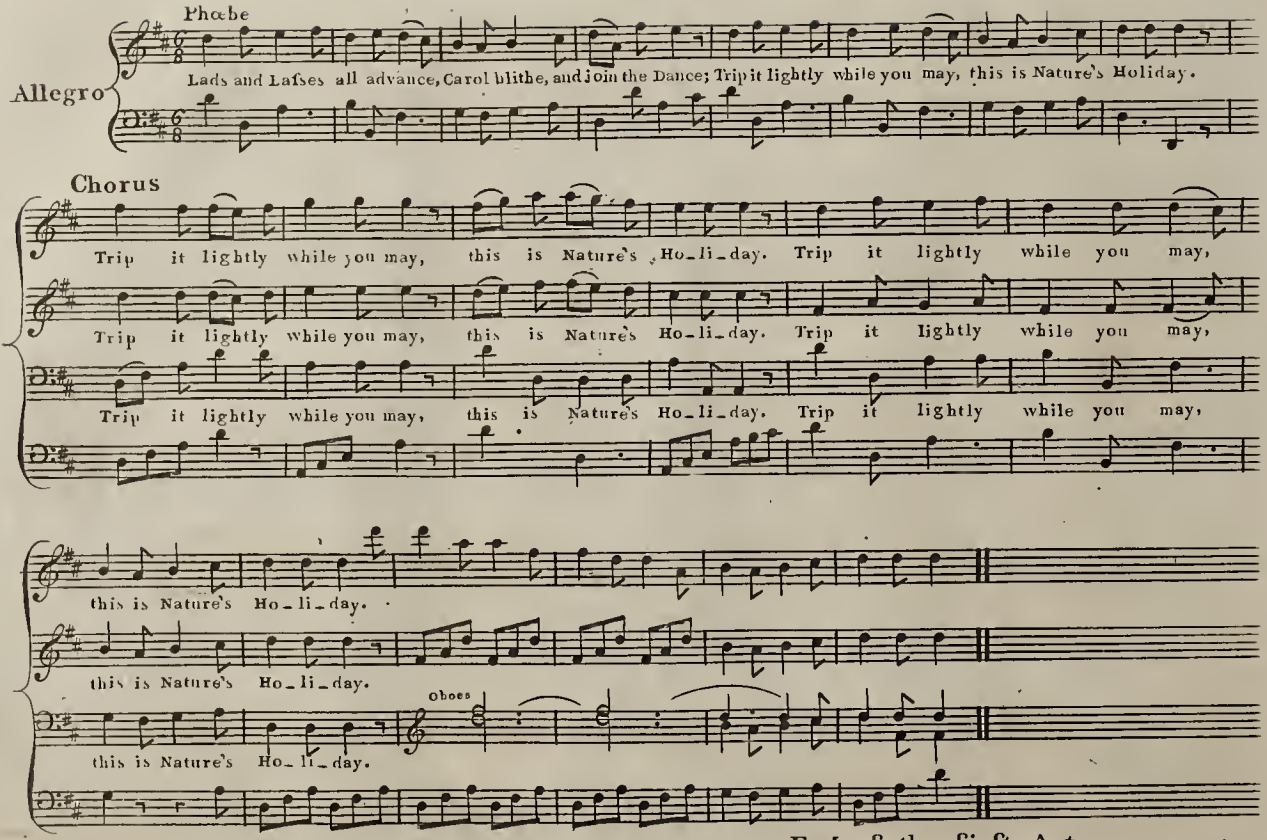
Sung by Mr. Baniſter. Mr. Brett. Mr. Davies.
Mrs. Kennedy. Mrs. Martyr and Miſs Harper.


Belville
Moderato
By this Fountain's flow'ry ſide, dreſt in Na - ture's blooming
Pride; where the Poplar trembles high, and the Bees in cluſters fly; whilſt the Herdsman on the Hill, liſtens
to the falling Rill; Pride and cru - el Scorn a - way, let us ſhare the feſtive day. Pride and cru - el Scorn away, let us
f
ſhare the feſtive day.

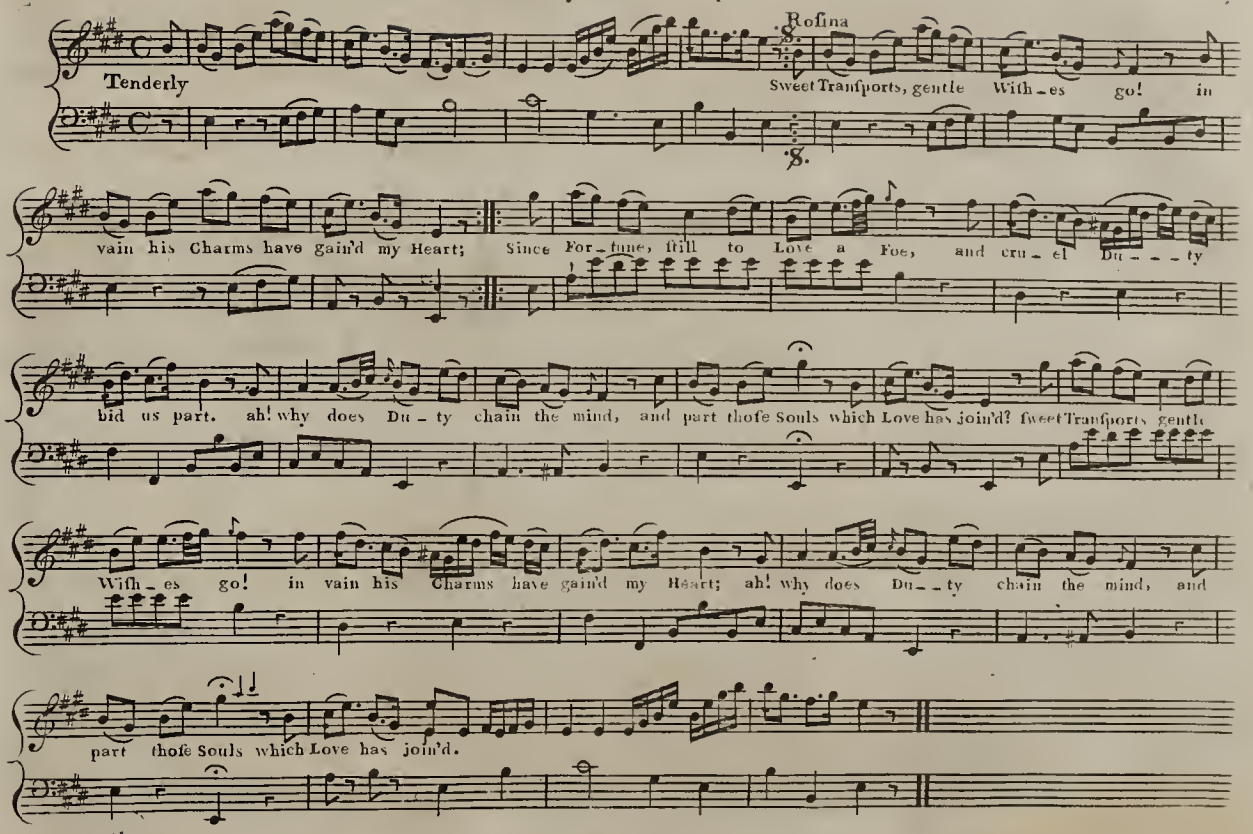

Rosina
Allegro
Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Nature's Ho_liday; Simple Nature, ye who prize, Life's Fantastic forms despise.
Chorus
1st Treble
2d Treble
Bass
Basso
Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na_ture's Ho_liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,
f
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Oboe
Volti Subito


Capt Belville
Moderato
Blufhing Bell, with downc ft Eyes, fighs, and knows not why fhe fighs; Tom is by her, we fhall know; how he
William
eyes her! is't not fo? He is fond, and fhe is fhy; He would kifs her — fie! oh, fie! mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and
by fhe'll follow thee. mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and by fhe'll follow thee.
f
Chorus
Bufy Cenfors hence away, this is Na-ture's Ho-li-day. Bu-fy Cenfors hence a--way
Bufy Cenfors hence away, this is Na-ture's Ho-li-day. Bu-fy Cenfors hence a--way
Bu-fy Cenfors hence away, this is Na-ture's Ho-li-day. Bu-fy Cenfors hence away
f


this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Horns
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Ruſtic
Now we'll quaff the nut-brown Ale, then we'll tell the ſportive Tale; all is Jeſt and all is Glee, all is
Phœbe
youthfull Jolli_ty. Lads and Laſses all advance, Carol blithe, and join the Dance, Trip it lightly while you may, this is
Nature's Holiday. Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Holiday. f
Volti Subito


Phœbe
Allegro
Lads and Laſses all advance, Carol blithe, and join the Dance; Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Holiday.
Chorus
Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may,
Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may,
Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may,
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.
Oboes
this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

End of the firſt Act.


Tenderly
Roſina
Sweet Tranſports, gentle With-es go! in
vain his Charms have gain'd my Heart; Since For-tune, ſtill to Love a Foe, and cru-el Du---ty
bid us part. ah! why does Du-ty chain the mind, and part thoſe Souls which Love has join'd? ſweet Tranſports gentle
With-es go! in vain his Charms have gain'd my Heart; ah! why does Du---ty chain the mind, and
part thoſe Souls which Love has join'd.

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Sung by Mrs Martyr

Sacchini

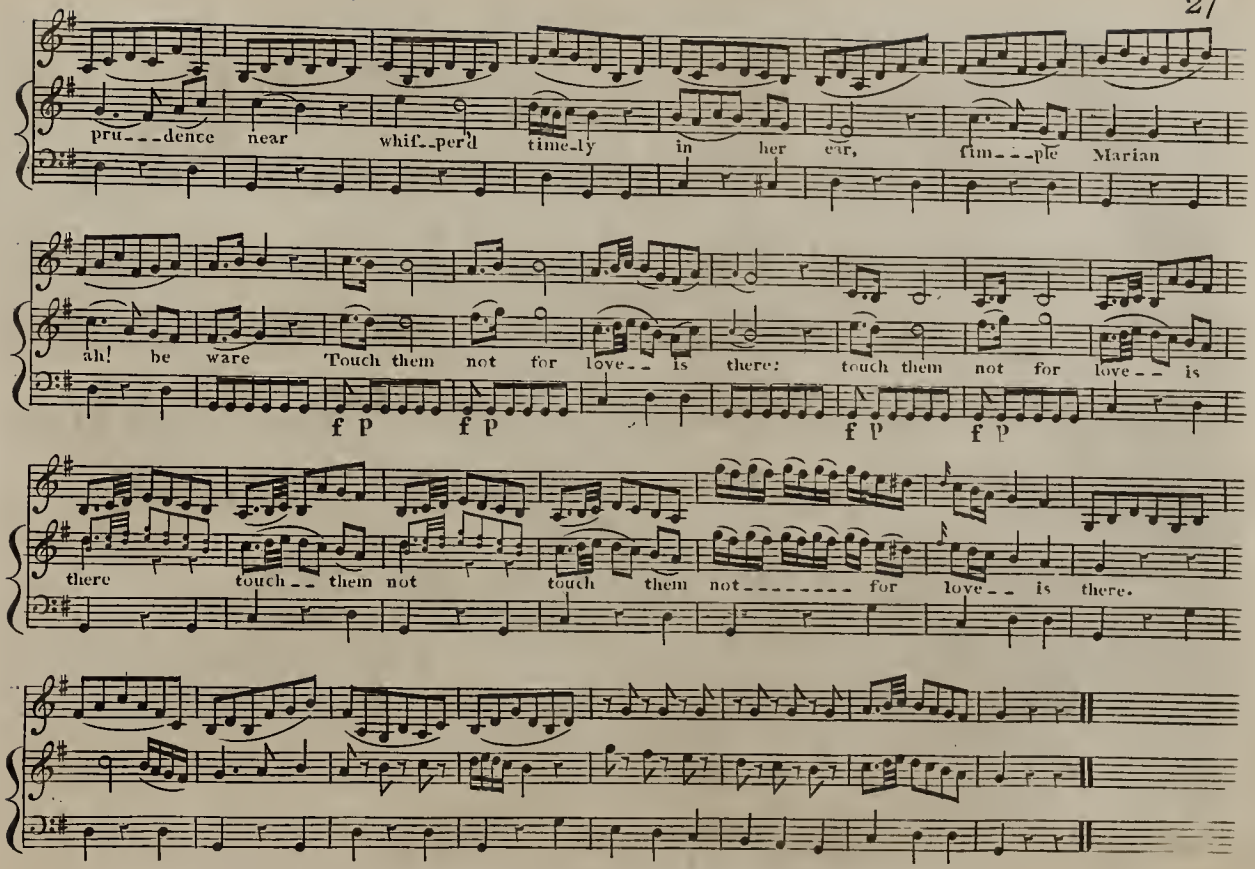
Andantino

p

Phœbe

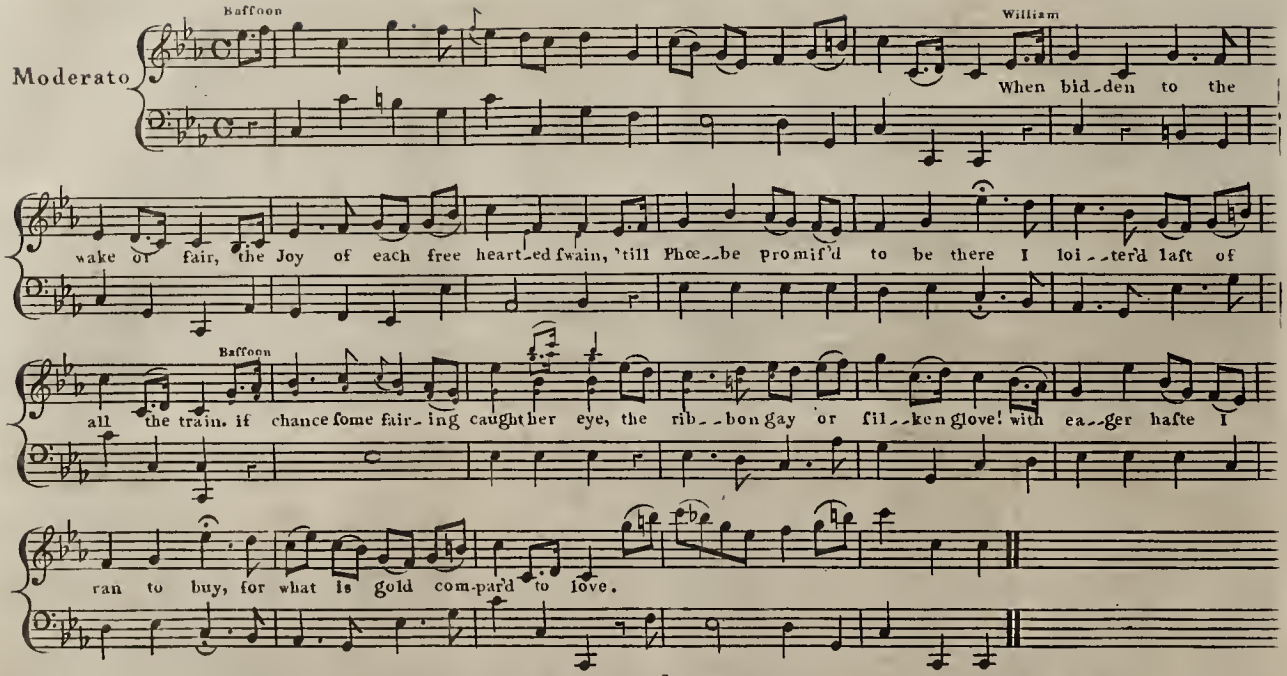
Hen--ry cull'd the flow--rets bloom, Marian lov'd the

soft per---fume, Marian lov'd the soft per---fume, Had play--ful kitt but


pru---dence near whif--per'd time-ly in her ear, fim---ple Marian
ah! be ware Touch them not for love-- is there: touch them not for love-- is
f p f p f p f p
there touch-- them not touch them not-------- for love-- is there.

Sung by Mrs Kennedy

Scots Tune


Baffoon
William
Moderato
When bid-den to the
wake or fair, the Joy of each free heart-ed fwain, 'till Phœ--be promif'd to be there I loi--ter'd laft of
Baffoon
all the train. if chance fome fair-ing caught her eye, the rib--bon gay or fil--ken glove! with ea--ger haſte I
ran to buy, for what is gold com-par'd to love.

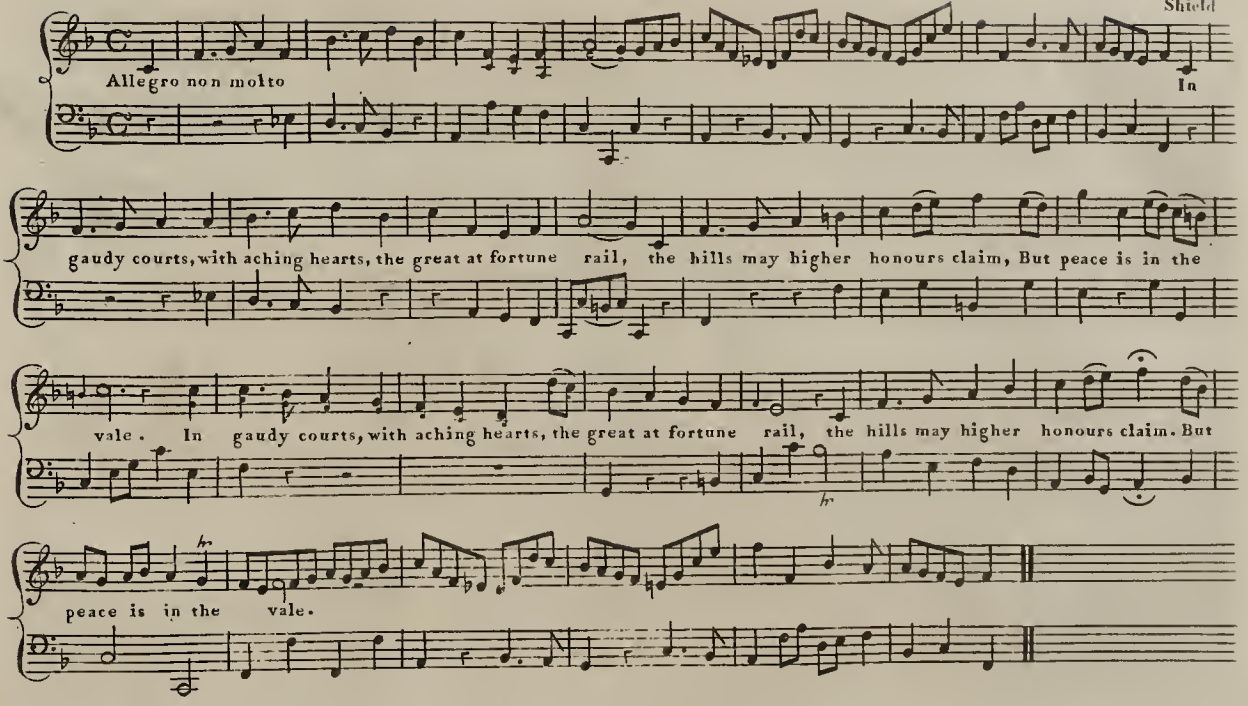
2

My poſy on her boſom plac'd,
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my ruſtic preſents move:
Her heart prefers a richer ſwain,
And gold, alas! has baniſhed love.

Duett

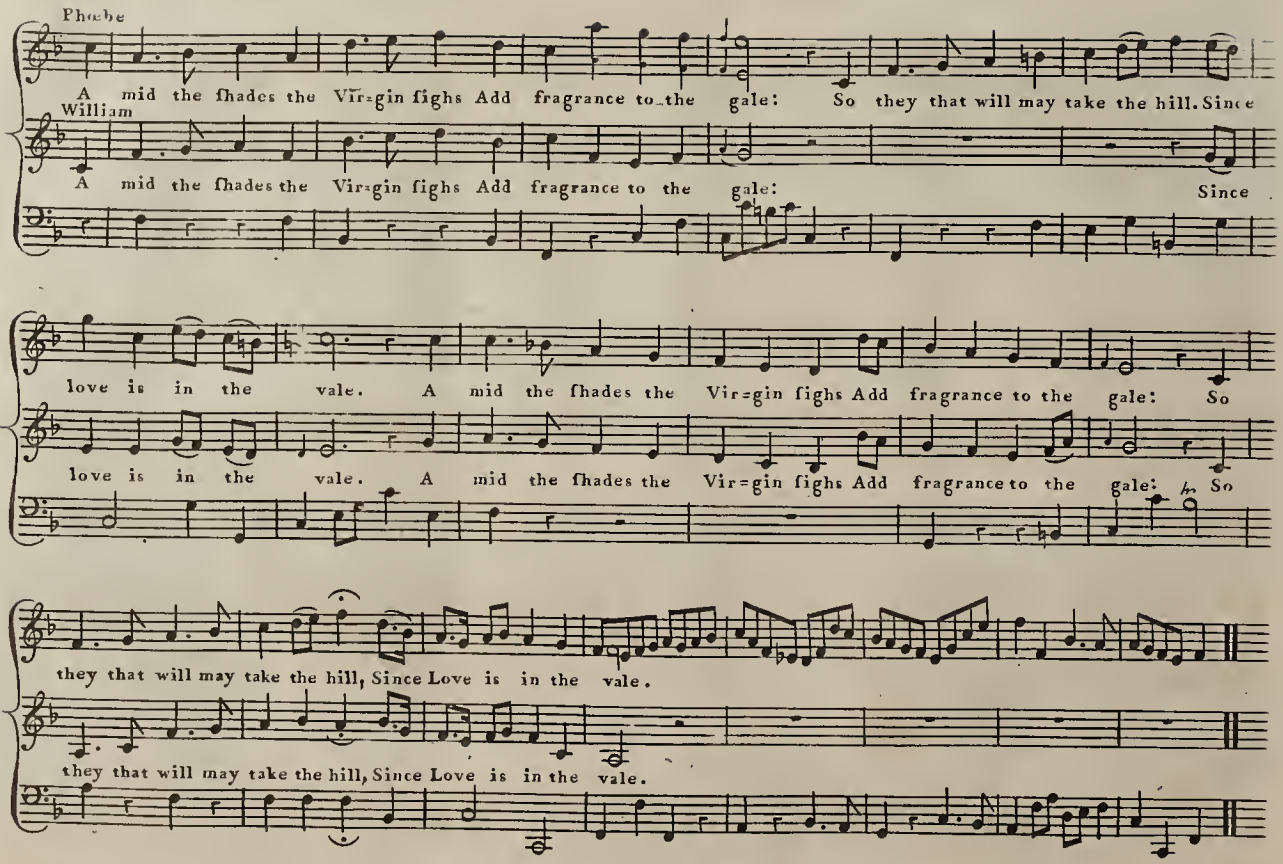
Sung by M.rs Kennedy and M.rs Martyr

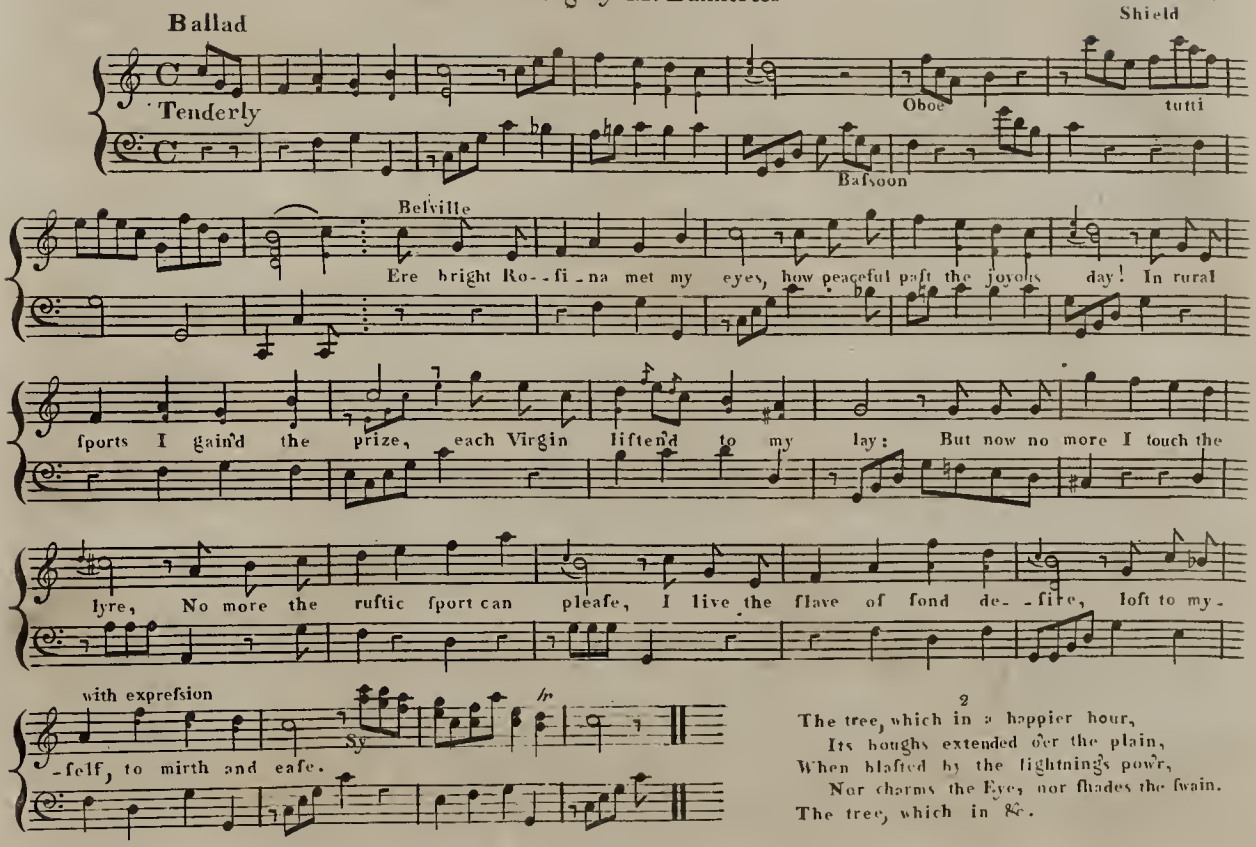
Shield


Allegro non molto
In
gaudy courts, with aching hearts, the great at fortune rail, the hills may higher honours claim, But peace is in the
vale. In gaudy courts, with aching hearts, the great at fortune rail, the hills may higher honours claim. But
peace is in the vale.

twice

See high born dames, in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale.
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.


Phœbe
A mid the ſhades the Vir=gin ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: So they that will may take the hill. Since
William
A mid the ſhades the Vir=gin ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: Since
love is in the vale. A mid the ſhades the Vir=gin ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: So
love is in the vale. A mid the ſhades the Vir=gin ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: So
they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the vale.
they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the vale.

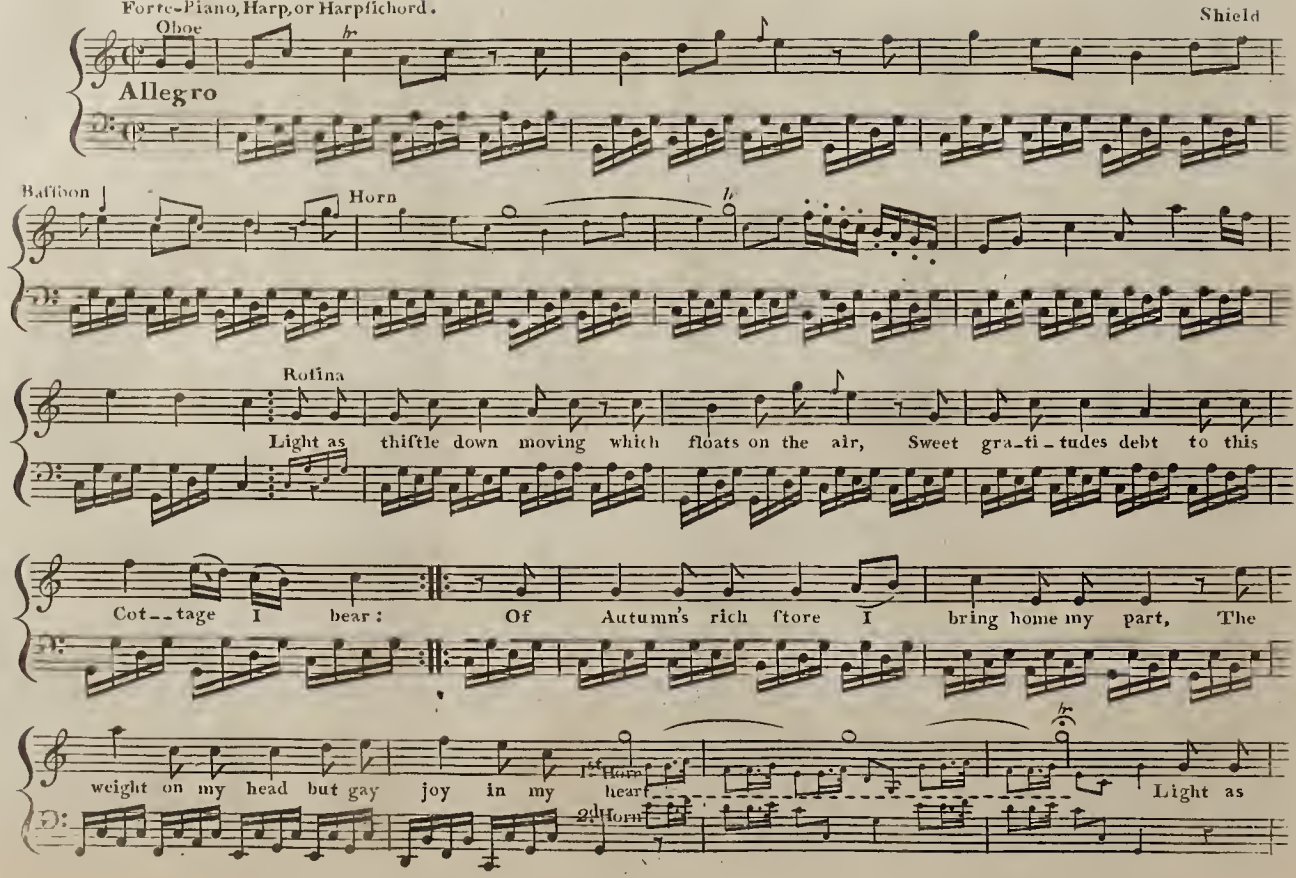

Ballad
Tenderly
Shield
Oboe
tutti
Bassoon
Belville
Ere bright Ro--fi-na met my eyes, how peaceful paſt the joyous day! In rural
ſports I gain'd the prize, each Virgin liſten'd to my lay: But now no more I touch the
lyre, No more the ruſtic ſport can pleaſe, I live the ſlave of fond de--ſire, loſt to my-
with expreſsion
-ſelf, to mirth and eaſe.
Sy
fr

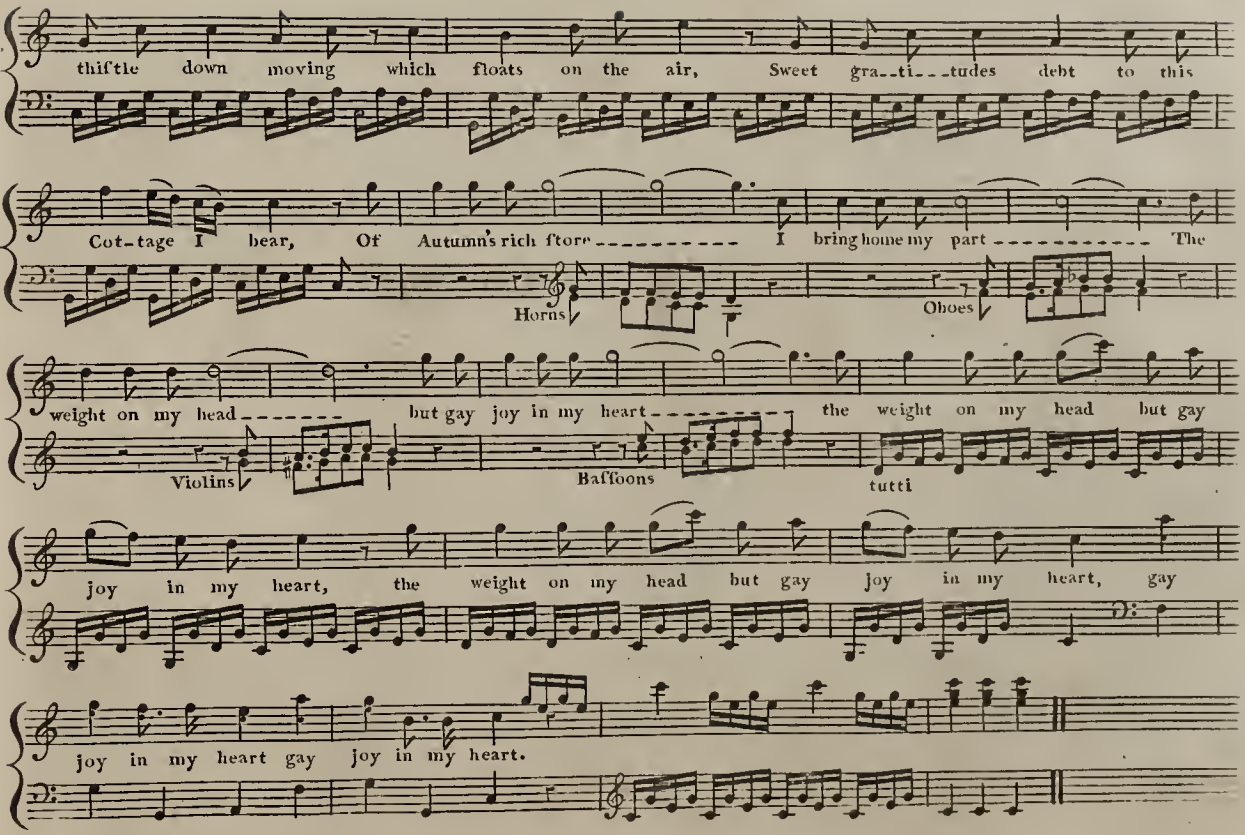
2

The tree, which in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blaſted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the Eye, nor ſhades the ſwain.
The tree, which in &c.

The Accompanyment is for a Forte-Piano, Harp, or Harpſichord.

Sung by Miſs Harper

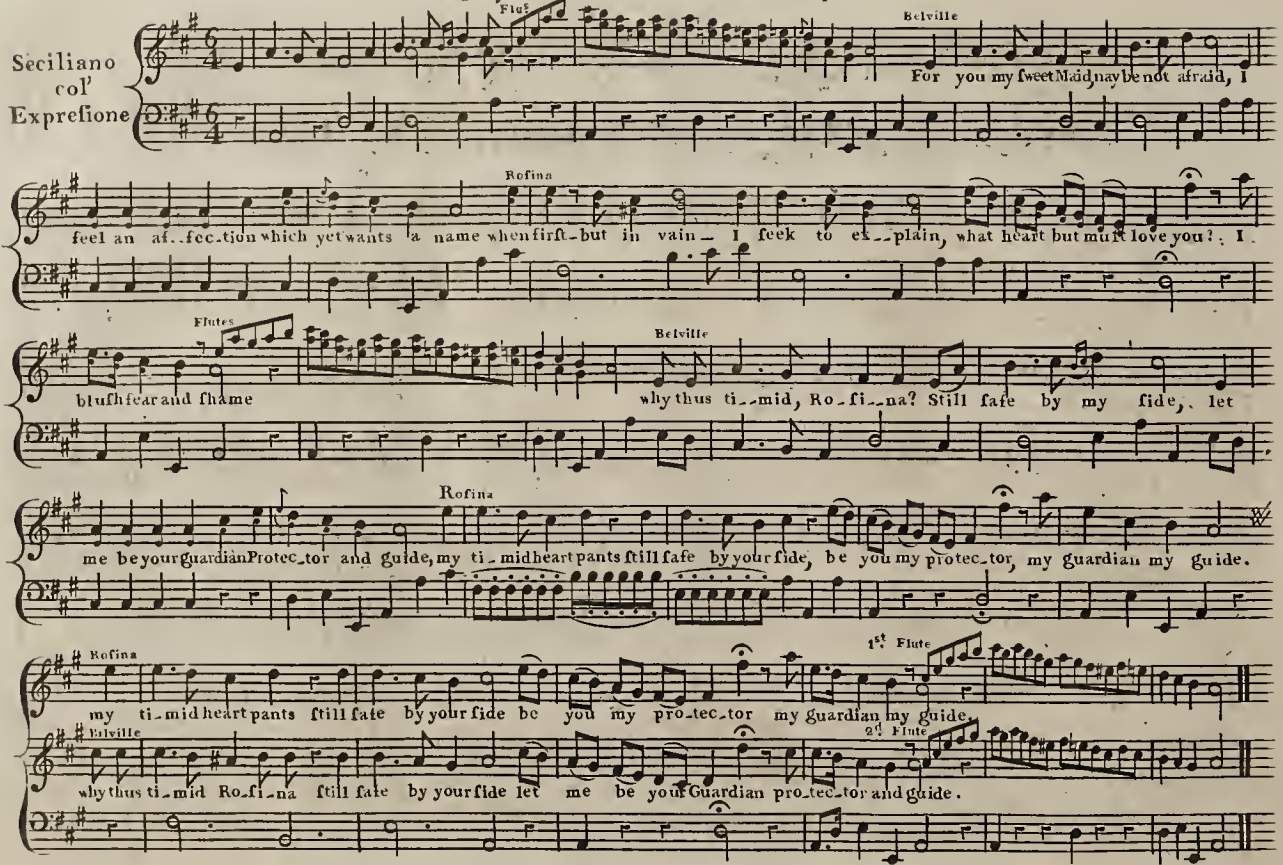

Oboe
Allegro
Shield
Baſſoon
Horn
Rofina
Light as thiſtle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra_ti_tudes debt to this
Cot__tage I bear: Of Autumn's rich ſtore I bring home my part, The
weight on my head but gay joy in my heart
1st Horn
2d Horn
Light as


thiftle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra--ti---tudes debt to this
Cot-tage I bear, Of Autumn's rich ftore I bring home my part The
Horns
Oboes
weight on my head but gay joy in my heart the weight on my head but gay
Violins
Baffoons
tutti
joy in my heart, the weight on my head but gay joy in my heart, gay
joy in my heart gay joy in my heart.

DUETT

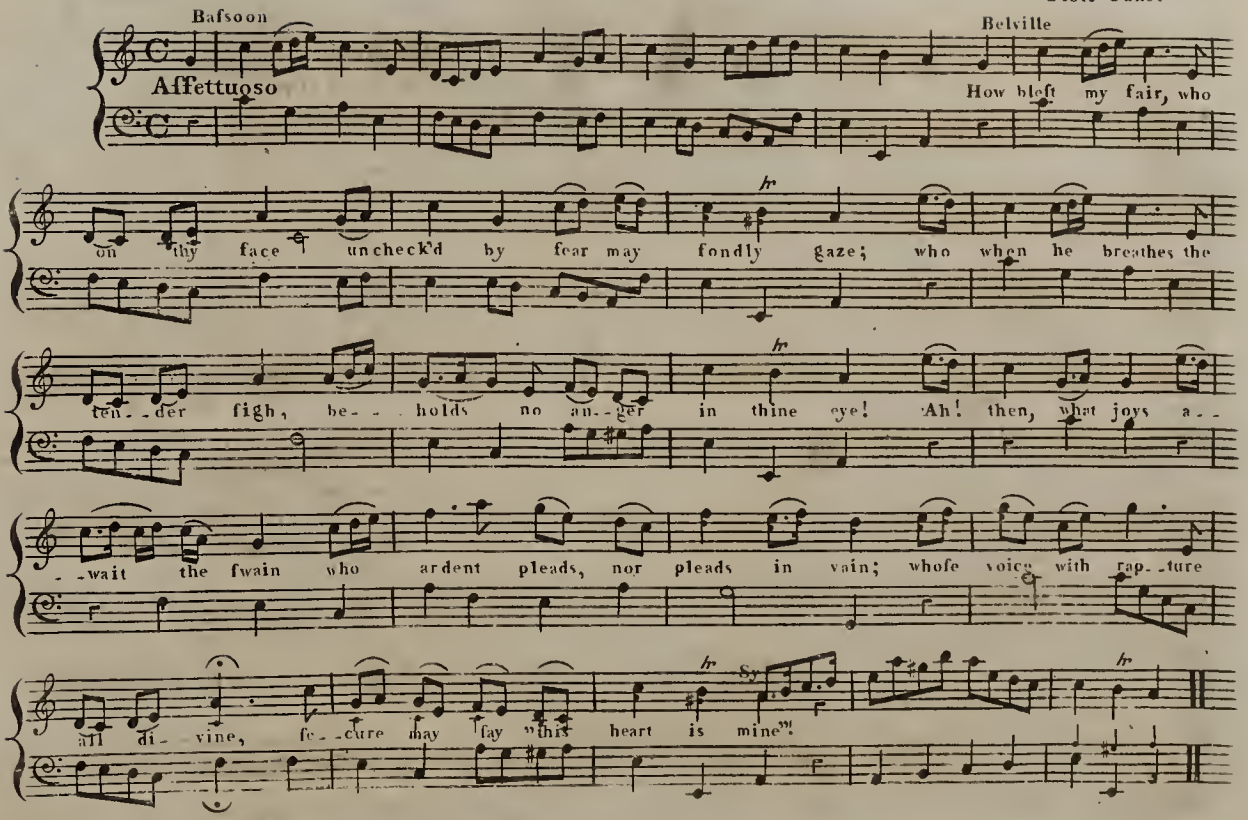
Sung by Mr Bannister and Miss Harper

Shield


Seciliano col' Espresione
Flut
Belville
For you my sweet Maid nay be not afraid, I
Rosina
feel an af..fec..tion which yet wants a name when first but in vain I seek to ex..plain, what heart but must love you? I
Flutes
Belville
blush fear and shame
why thus ti..mid, Ro..si..na? Still safe by my side, let
Rosina
me be your guardian Protec..tor and guide, my ti..mid heart pants still safe by your side, be you my protec..tor, my guardian my guide.
Rosina
1st Flute
my ti..mid heart pants still safe by your side be you my pro..tec..tor my guardian my guide.
Belville
2d Flute
why thus ti..mid Ro..si..na still safe by your side let me be your Guardian pro..tec..tor and guide.

Sung by Mr. Bannister

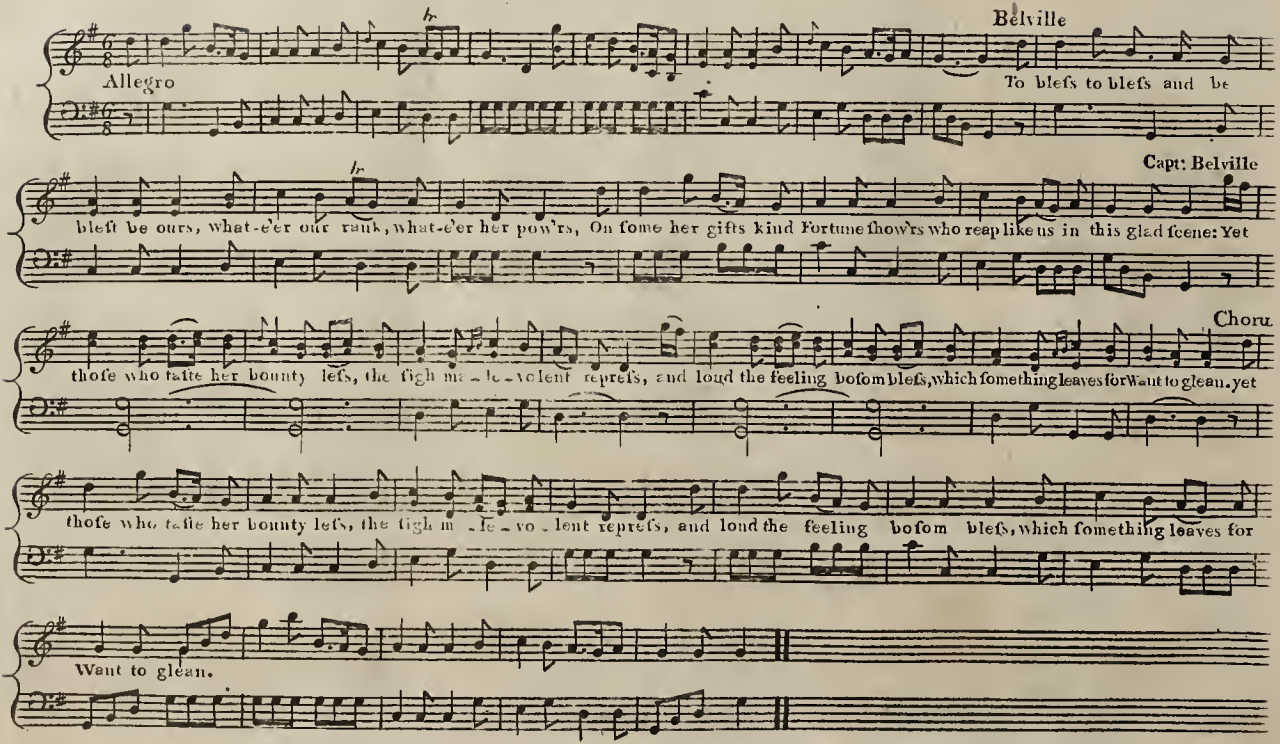
Scots Tune.

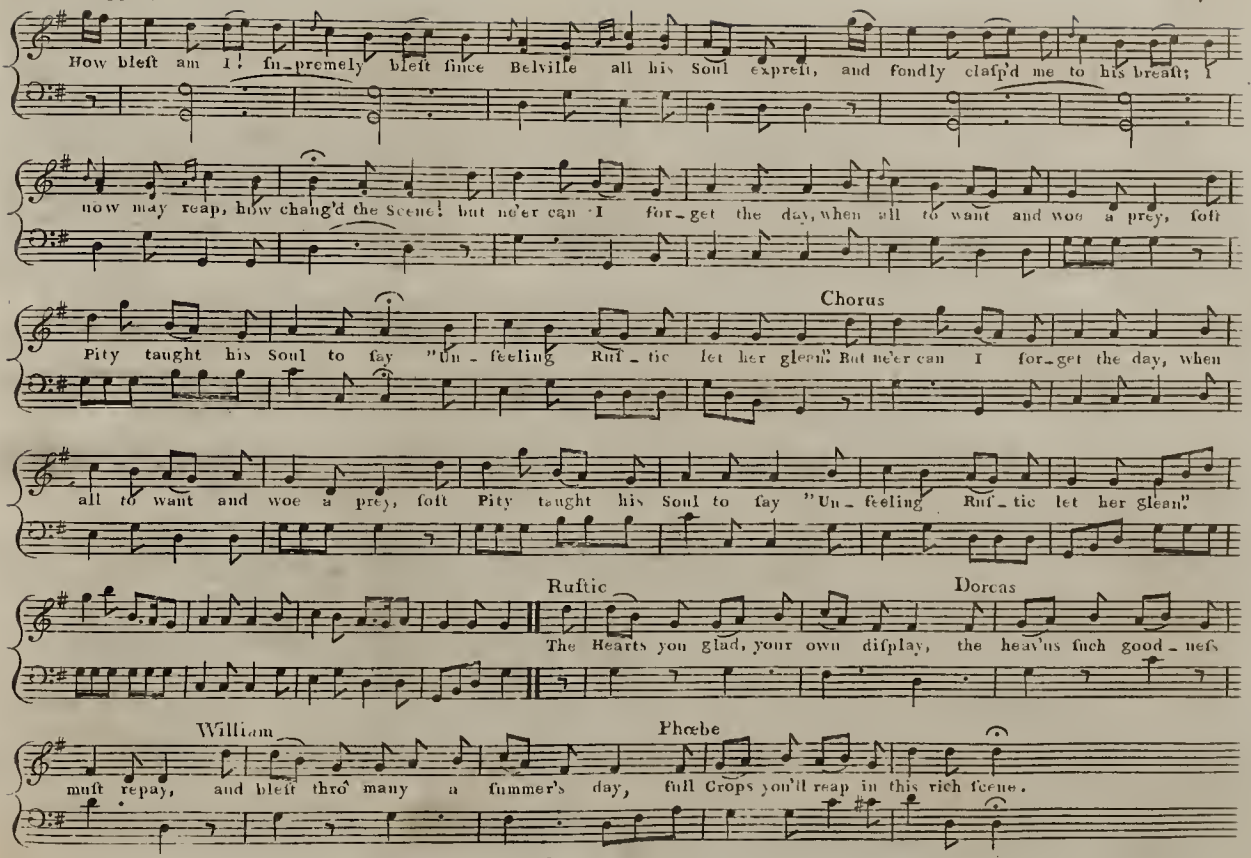

Bafsoon
Belville
Affettuoso
How bleft my fair, who
on thy face unchecked by fear may fondly gaze; who when he breathes the
tender figh, be- holds no anger in thine eye! Ah! then, what joys a-
wait the fwain who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain; whofe voice with rap-ture
all di- vine, fe-cure may fay "this heart is mine"!

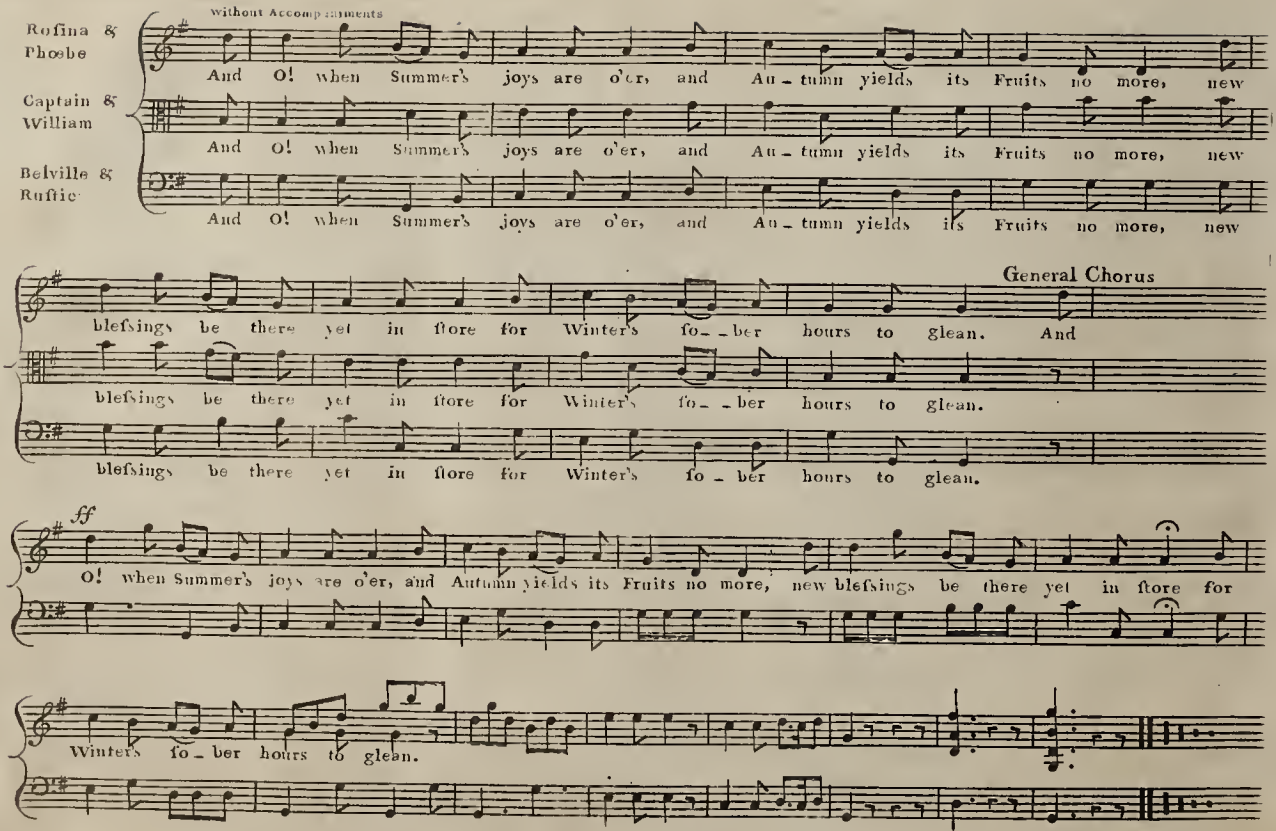
Finale

French Tune

Sung by Mr. Baniſter, Mr. Brett, Mr. Davies,
Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. Martyr and Miſs Harper.


Allegro
Belville
To bleſs to bleſs and be
Capt: Belville
bleſt be ours, what-e'er our rank, what-e'er her pow'rs, On ſome her gifts kind Fortune ſhow'rs who reap like us in this glad ſcene: Yet
Choru
thoſe who taſte her bounty leſs, the ſigh me-le-vo-lent repreſs, and loud the feeling boſom bleſs, which ſomething leaves for Want to glean. yet
thoſe who taſte her bounty leſs, the ſigh me-le-vo-lent repreſs, and loud the feeling boſom bleſs, which ſomething leaves for
Want to glean.


How bleft am I! ſu-premely bleſt ſince Belville all his Soul expreſt, and fondly claſp'd me to his breaſt; I
now may reap, how chang'd the Scene! but ne'er can I for-get the day, when all to want and woe a prey, ſoft
Chorus
Pity taught his Soul to ſay "Un-feeling Ruſ-tic let her gleen." But ne'er can I for-get the day, when
all to want and woe a prey, ſoft Pity taught his Soul to ſay "Un-feeling Ruſ-tic let her gleen."
Ruſtic
Dorcas
The Hearts you glad, your own diſplay, the heav'ns ſuch good-neſs
William
Phœbe
muſt repay, and bleſt thro' many a ſummer's day, full Crops you'll reap in this rich ſcene.


without Accompaniments
Roſina & Phœbe
And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au - tumn yields its Fruits no more, new
Captain & William
And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au - tumn yields its Fruits no more, new
Belville & Ruſtic
And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au - tumn yields its Fruits no more, new
General Chorus
bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean. And
bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean.
bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean.
ff
O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Autumn yields its Fruits no more, new bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for
Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean.

Finis